

Reflections 2006

THE AGA KHAN SCHOOL

Y E A R B O O K 1 9 9 6

IPDC

The Premier Industrial Financier

**Wish Reflections '96
The Yearbook of
The Aga Khan School
a success**

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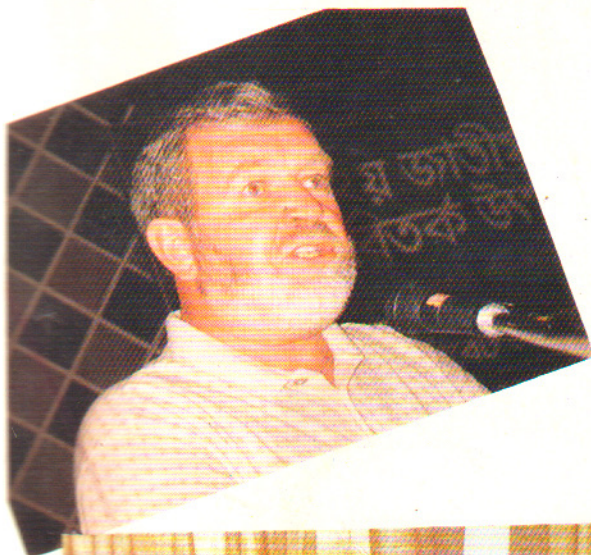
Reflections

Yearbook 1996

**The Aga Khan School
Dhaka**



Message From The Principal



While each chapter in the story is different, a common theme or thread permeates the story in such a way that the chapters are solidly linked to one another. I like to think that the common thread which binds the narrative of the Aga Khan School together is the enthusiasm, high energy and supportive commitment of staff and students. I hope that we can continue to tell the story of a community that works hard, plays hard and supports each member's needs in the personal quest to grow and belong.



This Yearbook '96 records the latest chapter in the narrative of the Aga Khan School. I call it a narrative because all communities, including schools, tell a common story about the members of the community. Like the narrative of your family, the school story is a record of the activities, hopes, joys, achievements and other shared events which bind the community together. Like strong families, strong school communities tell this story in a way it continues to grow. The story gives identification, purpose and meaning to the characters who create and participate in the narrative.



There are new characters in this year's chapter. Some are indeed characters! Other characters have left us. We hope that they will always return to find that they are still members of a shared story.

My congratulations and thanks to the editors and staff of this year's yearbook. They have learned that living a chapter of the narrative is easy, but recording the chapter is no mean feat. It requires imagination, perseverance, creativity, teamwork and many hours of "grunt" labour. Thanks to all who helped record this latest chapter in our shared narrative.

Ken McCaffery
Principal

EDITORS' MESSAGES

Dear Readers,

You have in your hands the OFFICIAL 1996 AKS Yearbook. Love it, care for it, put it in your showcase, take it to see a movie perhaps, but whatever you do, enjoy it. Anyone who has walked through the AKS even for just a day, knows that it is non-stop action, and to put everything that happens during a whole year into a book, would drain Bangladesh's paper resources. So therefore, I'm sure you'll understand we couldn't fit in every detail and event in 1996, but we did try to put in the best. When I took the job of Editor, I was told it would take great leadership and mental dexterity. Despite this, I took the job (only kidding, I have plenty of mental dexterity, ask anyone!). I hope you have as much fun reading this as I didn't have making it (only kidding again). But seriously though, putting together a yearbook is no easy task. In fact, it's pretty darn hard and it simply would not have been possible without the help of the following people - Mr. McCaffery, the Principal, for plenty of encouragement and advice; Mrs. Fawzia, for getting my lazy hide to work, and nagging me (constantly) to get the job done - Thanks Miss. Thanks, to all the Editorial staff and to Loban and Muhtashem for making all the cool computer effects easier than they looked, to Class X for all their valuable advice and last but not least, to everyone at AKS for making this the greatest school in the universe, and giving me something to fill all these pages with. Phew! I'm outta here, Enjoy!

Mumtad Choudhury
(Editor)



Dear Readers,

Working on this year's Yearbook has been an experience, whether good or bad we shall have to wait and see with the publication. Now Saturday mornings will never be the same again. It has been an excellent learning experience that I believe all the staff have enjoyed and are now waiting to see the fruits of their labor. I hope they have enjoyed it as much as I have and hopefully you will too. My heartfelt thanks to Mr. McCaffery, Mrs. Fawzia and of course the yearbook staff, because without their help it would have been impossible to bring out a yearbook of any sort.

Thank you for all your help
and support,

Ju-un Choudhury
(Co-editor)



YEARBOOK STAFF

TANEEM ZAMAN
SAMAN KHALED
TOMALIKA AHSAN
REZA ALAM
ABID SHIHAB
AZRA KARIM
USHA THIAGARAJA
SAYEED CHOWDHURY
ILYAS MAHBUB
ALHAAN RAHMAN
V. BHAVANI
MUMTAD CHOUDHURY



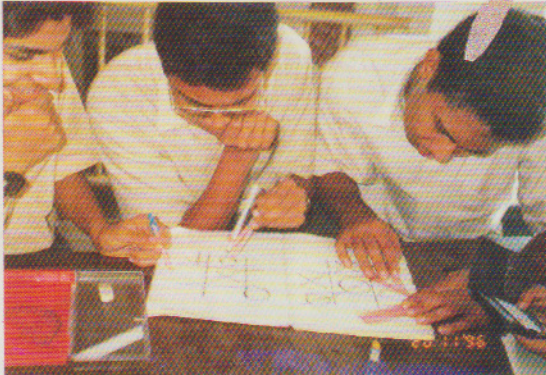
TAHSIN ALAM
MARIAM DONNA
JAHAN FARHANA
MEHDI SHAHNAZ
MARGOOB CHOWDHURY
OMAR SHAFIQ
TARIQ AKBAR
HUMAIRA HABIB
FERDOUS SHAHABUDDIN
ZABEER ALAM
IFTEKAR AHMED
JU-UN CHOUDHURY



➡ 1978 A7



STUDENTS OF A.K.S. ARRIVE AT SCHOOL USING LATEST INNOVATIONS IN TRANSPORT.



HERE'S THE ADVANCED MATHEMATICS CLASS IN PROGRESS.



DO YOU FEELING THAT WE'RE NOT WANTED?





DURING TIFFIN BREAK EVERYONE STARTS FISHING FOR FOOD.



WE SEE THAT MR. McCAFFERY DOESN'T WANT TO GIVE HIS DRINK TO ANYONE.



THE USUAL -- BUNKING CLASS AND CHILLING.



THE DREAM OF ALL GIRLS.



AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK.



Mr
F
'M.

TEACHING STAFF



Mr. Ken McCaffery
ENGLISH WORKSHOP



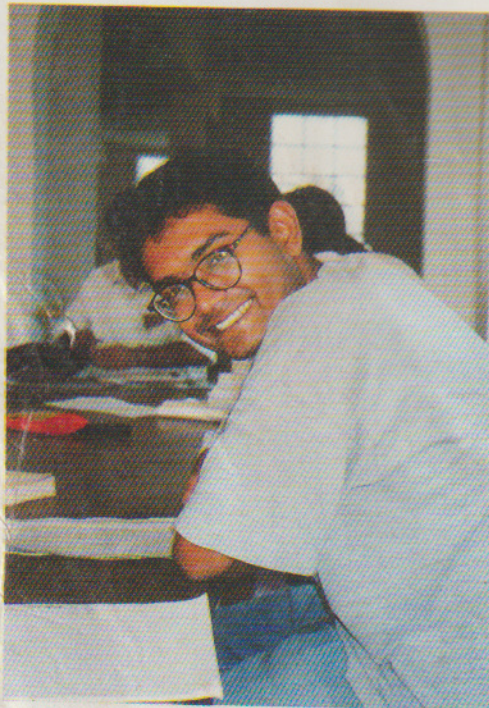
Mrs. Sajeda Choudhury
Vice Principal
HISTORY/
GENERAL STUDIES



Mrs. Ruby Ferdowsi
CHEMISTRY



Mrs. Halima Matin
BIOLOGY



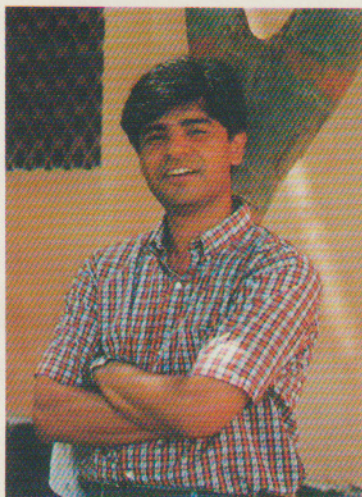
Mr. Sayeed Abu Mia
PHYSICS/CHEMISTRY/
MATHEMATICS
SENIOR TUTOR



Mrs. Rozina Rashid
ENGLISH



Mrs. Nargis Arif
BANGLA



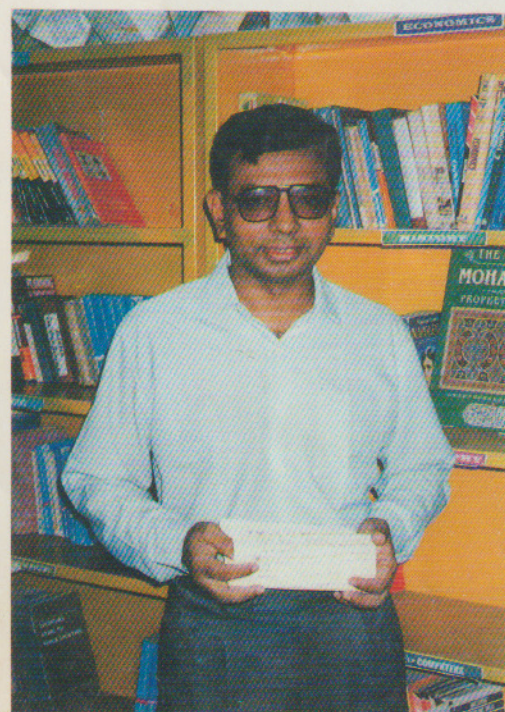
Mr. Sultan Mahmud Bhuiyan
**GEOGRAPHY/
ATHLETICS**



Miss Nazneen Haque And Miss Nazma Haque
BIOLOGY/CHEMISTRY



Mr. Sunil Saha
CHEMISTRY/MATHEMATICS (Syllabus A)



Dr. Dilip Kumar Roy
**ECONOMICS/
BUSINESS STUDIES**



Mrs. Sabina Islam
ACCOUNTING/COMMERCE



Mrs. Fawzia Chowdhury
ECONOMICS



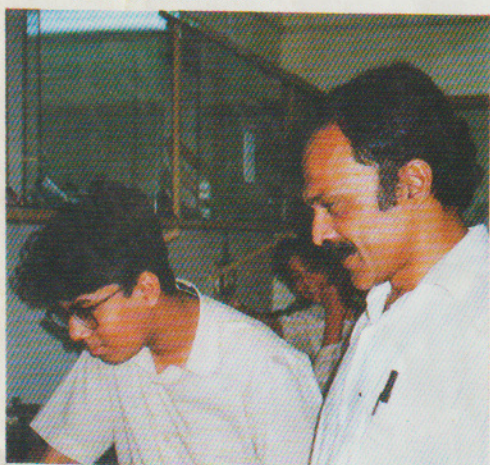
Mr. Jamal MD. Uddin
**PHYSICS/
 CHEMISTRY LAB**



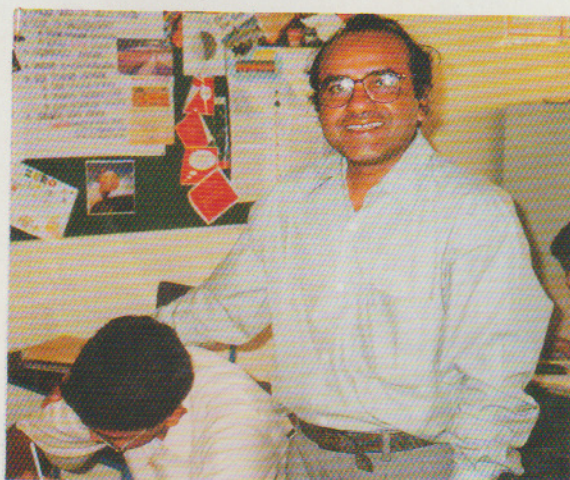
Mrs. Tapashi Haque
BANGLA



. Shahida Anwar
ENGLISH



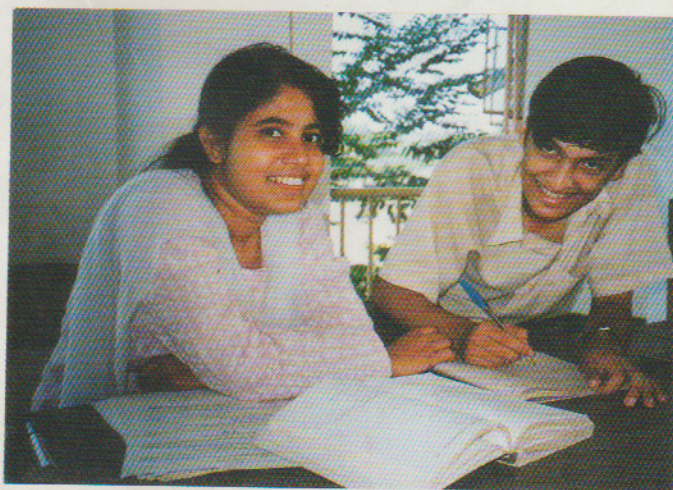
Mr. Yamin Chowdhury
PHYSICS



Mr. F.A. Talukdar
PURE MATHS



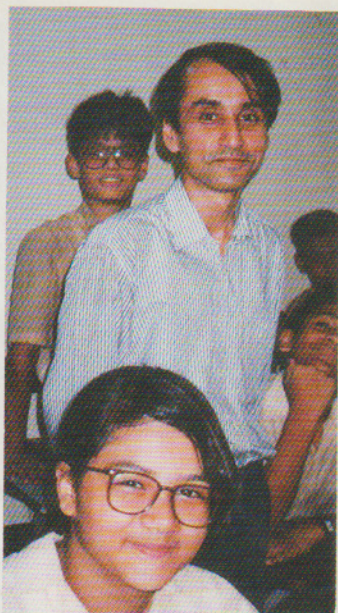
Mr. Alam Badiul
CHEMISTRY/PHYSICS
LAB ASSISTANT



Ms. Fatima Johra
MATHEMATICS



Dr. Sumi Gazi
BIOLOGY



Mr. Kamel Haque
GEOGRAPHY



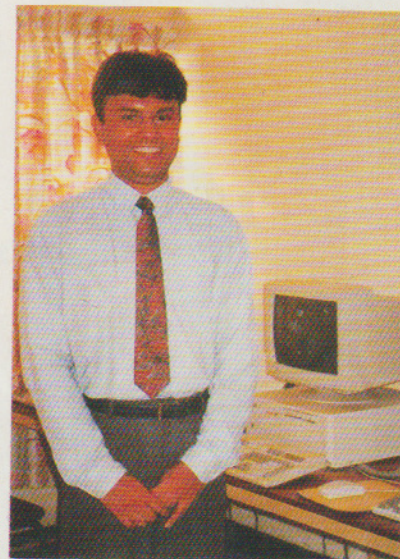
Mrs. Shah Habibullah
ISLAMIAT



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UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY
(TEACHER INTERN
PROGRAM)



Mr. Mizanur Rahman
ACCOUNTING



Mr. Shoheb Ali
COMPUTER THEORY
AND LAB



Miss Ruhma Choudhury
HISTORY/ENGLISH-
WORKSHOP



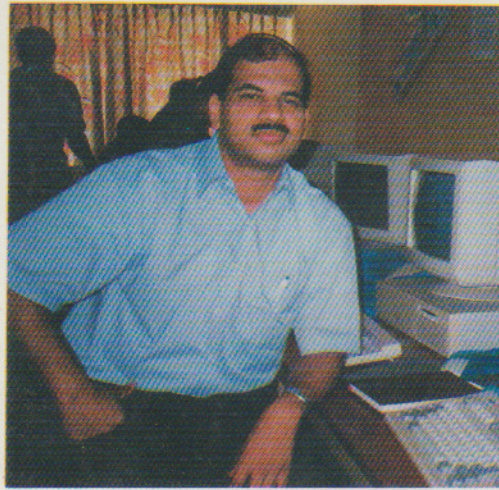
Mrs. Khaleda Rahman
MATHEMATICS



Mr. Muhtashem Choudhury
MULTI-MEDIA
INSTRUCTOR



Mrs. Hoshneara Zaman
CHEMISTRY/MATHEMATICS



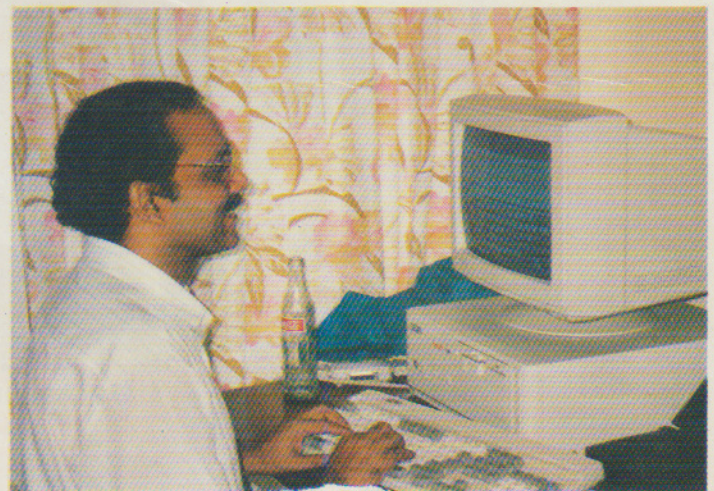
Dr. Yousuf Islam
COMPUTER STUDIES



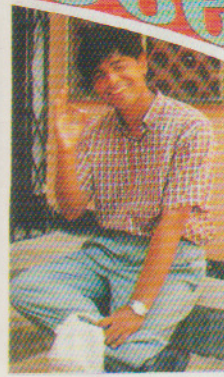
Mrs. Nasreen Mawla
ENGLISH



Mr. Mustafizur Rahman
ART



TEACHERS Behind the Scenes





Mrs. Parveen Zaman
SCHOOL SECRETARY



Mrs. Roshan
ADMINISTRATIVE
ASSISTANT



Mr. Heman
ACCOUNTANT



Mrs. Farida Khanum
LIBRARIAN

NON-TEACHING STAFF



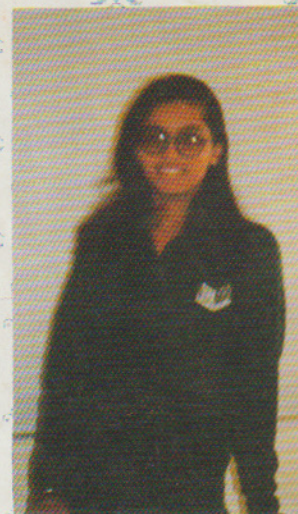
After a month of campaign and preparation, the election for the Head Boy and Head Girl for the year 1996 took place. Loban Amaan Rahman and Gomathi Subramanian WERE elected. For a month or so the two of them were in-charge but later Gomathi had to fly back to Malaysia. The second highest number of votes was received by Jessica Tartila Shuma and so after Gomathi's departure she took charge as the acting Head Girl for the rest of the year.



EMOTIONS IN RETROSPECT FROM LOBAN :

I've been in The Aga Khan School for almost six years now. But 1996 has been the most memorable. Not only because this is my senior year, but because I partook a post that has swiveled between a pain, and one of the best things I've ever done. I remember that during the course of the year, especially near the beginning, I'd wondered whether all this would be worth it. I realise now, that it has been much more. Yes, there is the satisfaction of seeing plans work smoothly, and predictions come true. But what I'll remember most is not the satisfaction I felt, but the actual work I did. For this, I have the teachers, our Principal, and most of all my classmates, to thank. Without their help, no one could have accomplished anything. And, of course, my final thanks must go to the students themselves, who supported me throughout the year.

As I step down and watch the new Head Boy and Head Girl take over, my only last hope is that they strive to be even better. For it is by building on the foundations of one's predecessors, that this school can grow upwards as it moves forward in time.



Parting thoughts From Jessica

1996 has been my last year in the Aga Khan School. It has been an eventful year for me because I acted as the Head Girl for the year. I thank our Principal, Mr. McCaffery, for giving me the chance to be in-charge.

As the Head Girl I have always tried to maintain a good student-teacher relationship. During my term I have had both good and bad times, but I have enjoyed every moment of it. Organising school events such as picnics, parties and games was great fun.

In performing my duties, I do not know how successful I was. I only hope I have not disappointed our Principal, the teachers and the students. I leave it to them to judge my success.

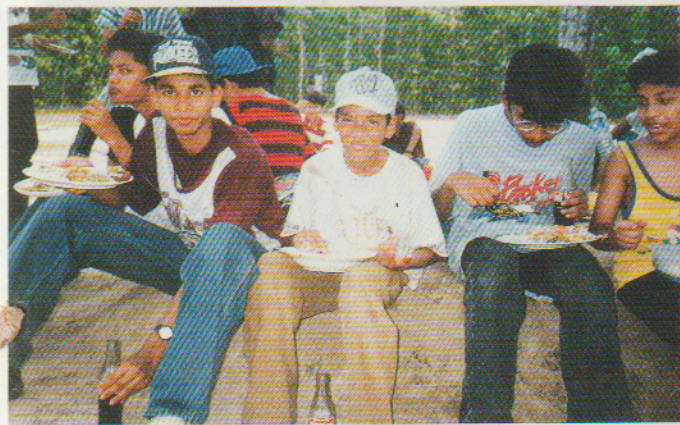
I pay my gratitude to the Head Boy, Loban and my classmates who have helped me in every possible way. To the new Head Boy and Girl, I wish them all the best and hope they can prove themselves to everyone's satisfaction.

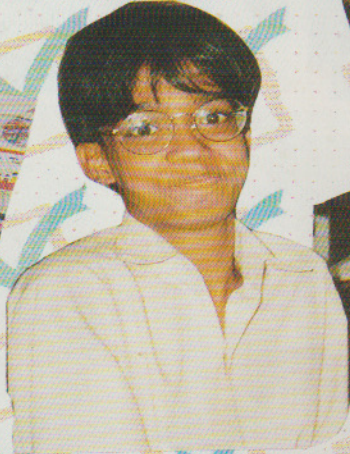


HEAD
PRESTIGE

The Ansar Academy
Summer Picnic
19th April, 1996







C
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Class VI-I



BACK ROW

Anwar Ashik, Ali Faizan, Sattar Amir, Chowdhury Munakib, Arif Mohammed Asif, Rouf Mahin, Mahmud Faisal, Rahman Zeshan, Choudhury Samiur Rahman.

BACK-MIDDLE ROW.

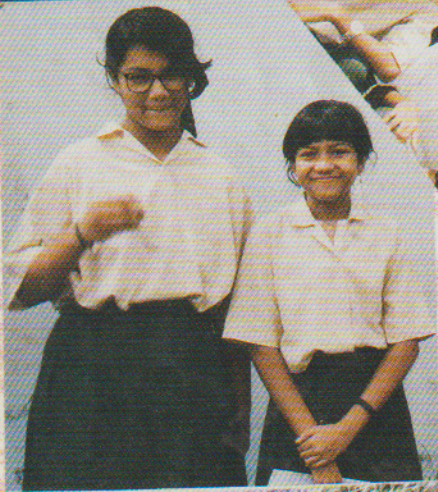
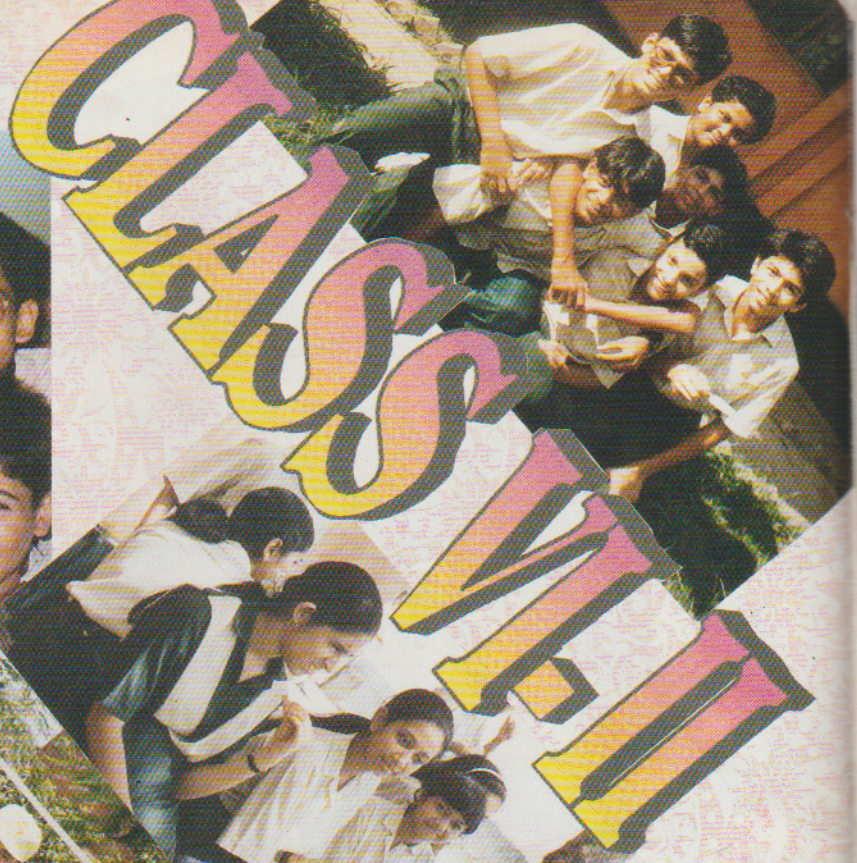
Mahzabeen R.Shahnila, Khan Saima, Saleh Fariha, Kamal Nihan, Khan Leena, Enayatali Beenisha.

FRONT-MIDDLE ROW

Tania Fauzia Quamrun, Abdullah Samin, Mrs. Rozina, Choudhury Saif, Rahman Ammar, Islam Quazi Ashequl.

FRONT ROW.

Sharker Khaled Mahmud, Huq Nayeemul, Newaz Mohammed Rifat, Zobair Ahmed Saleque, Khair Al-Mahmud, Miah Md. Sharif, Hoque Shamiul.



Class VI-II



BACK ROW

Jabir Mohammed, Ali Mohammed Rizwan, Islam Mohammed Iftekharul, Syed Golam Dastagir, Amla Mohammed Rashid, Choudhury Shihan Abrar, Hassan Mushfiq Mahmood.

BACK MIDDLE ROW

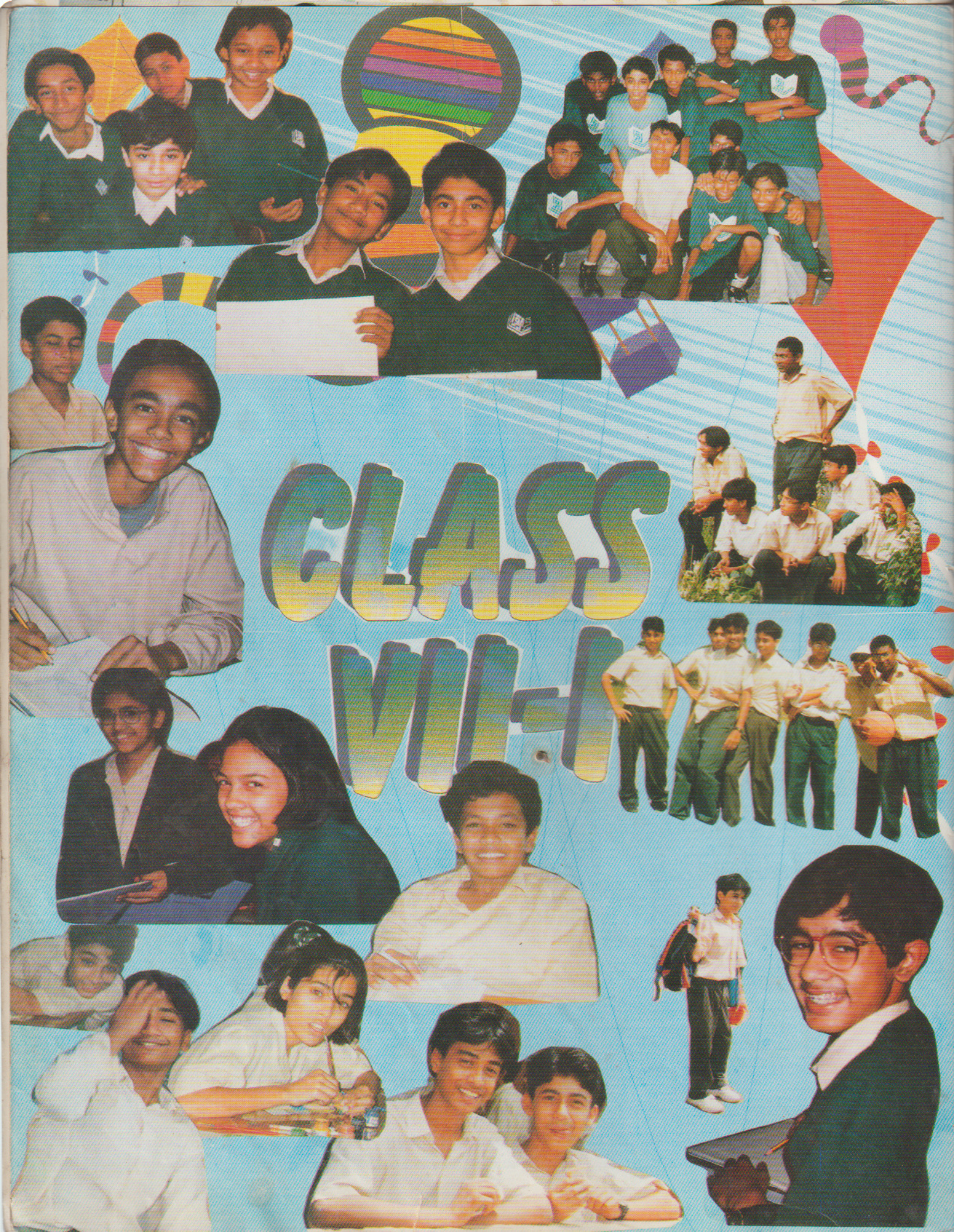
Shahid Maria Ashna, Jayed Noomaya, Shafiq Warda, Rishat Tiasha Sanjit, Ahsan Safwan, Choudhury Tanzib, Irfan Mohammad Nazr, Mannan Shabber, Saiful Anwar.

FRONT MIDDLE ROW

Hossain Farjana Mouri, Huq Faria Mahtarin, Mrs. Khaleda Rahman, Khan Ayesha Ahmed, Zaman Sumyra, Faiz Fariha.

FRONT ROW

Mannan Mohammed Hassan, Rahman Mashfiqur, Sajwani Karim Abu Ali, Islam Sami-Al, Khan Ali Ahmed, Haque Mirza Ridwanul.



CLASS VII-A

Class VII-I



BACK ROW

Ameen Hasan, Wayes Golam, Bashar Rahib Manzarbin, Fahad Omar Faruk, Ud Daula Nabeel, Mirza M. Hushang, Kamal Shareef Adnan, Rahman Syed Azizur.

UPPER MIDDLE ROW

Sultana Fareeha, Khan Farin Fatema, Zaman Naila, Mallik Fahima, Rahman Moutushi Maliha, Jeehan Tamreen, Khan Amer, Islam Mohammed Bariul, Manzoor Reazan.

LOWER MIDDLE ROW

Khan Nargis Sultana, Zafrin Rizwana, Jaigirdar Bushra Tasneem, Mrs. Hoshneara Zaman, Enayatali Zohra, Zabin Gufrana, Tanzim Tasnuva.

FRONT ROW

Dahli Adnan, Ahmed Ghaleb Al-Qazi, Choudhury Wahid Ahmed, Ansari Mohammed Fahd, Das Romeo, Sherali Karim.

SPORTS



Class VII-II



BACKROW

Sheikh Buland Taslim, Islam Shams-El Arefin, Hussain Chisty Sharjil, Kazi Mustabsher Ahmed, Wameq Azfar Raza, Mahmood Fuad Abdullah, Choudhury Md. Yaseen, Hussain Farhad Jalal.

BACK MIDDLE ROW

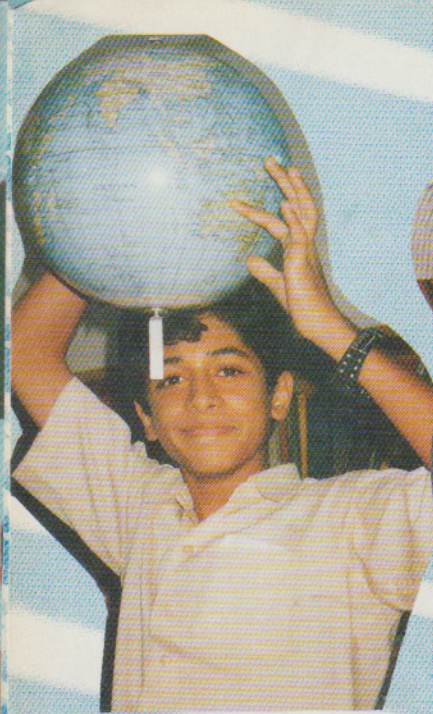
Aly Abu Rubina, Bawani Naweem Sadruddin, Khair Sabrina, Sobhan Farhana, Kamal Farzana, Hassan Kaanita, Choudhury Nazmun Nahar, Choudhury Mahanaz Halim.

FRONT MIDDLE ROW

Kazi Muntasir Mahmud, Rahman Nadith, Alam Al Muti Nazmul, Dr. Sumi Gazi, Karim Samaha Mashmooma, Amin Shaira Afrina, Ahmed Mehjabeen.

FRONT ROW

Hussain Ahad, Ahmed Taif, Salahuddin M. Fuad, Islam Numair, Choudhury Imtaiz Ahmed, Rahman Zaki-Ur, Huda Sabil.



Class VIII



class VIII



BACK ROW

Hossain Ridwan, Shoeb Zubair, Aga Zeeshan Mulk, Haque Mashfiqul, Sobhan Mobasher, Khan Mustafizur Rahman, Choudhury Touhid Ahmed,

BACK MIDDLE ROW

Amir Ali Munira, Khan Kashfia Mahzabeen, Virani Hamida, Bhuiya Sanjida Ali, Firoz Nadia Ahmed, Ahmed Afreen Hasnain, Jaigirdar Mansura, Ahmed Rizwana, Ahmed Mehreen.

FRONT MIDDLE ROW

Farid Cynthia, Gazi Sheefat Tanzila, Anwar Arshee, Mrs. Nargis Arif, Sadia Bushra Aysha, Hashem Nishat Shaila, Baqee Sumaiya Salwa.

FRONT ROW

Binte Ashraf Adeeba, Salehin Musfaqus, Kibria Asad, Ali Amir Ali, Huda Mifta Naim, Khaled Shaan Nabi, Khandaker Basma.

CLASS

IX



class IX



BACK ROW

Shahabuddin Ferdous, Zaman Taneem, Alam Risalat Zabeer, Khadem Abid Shihab, Alam Imtiaz Tahsin, Mohammad Sarfaraz, Khan Ahmed Iftekhar, Akbar Tariq, Shafiq Omar.

BACK MIDDLE ROW

Rahman Jahan Farhana, Khaled Saman Fatima, Laila Tarannum, Subramanian Bhavani, Karim Azra, Matin Zareef Tamanna, Habib Humaira.

FRONT MIDDLE ROW

Rahman Alhaan, Thiagaraja Usha, Mrs. Shahida Anwar, Choudhury Ju-un Nahar, Ahsan Tomalika, Sitwat Mariam Donna.

FRONT ROW

Chakladar Alam Reza, Mahbub Ilyas, Choudhury Mumtad Sayeed, Choudhury Margoob, Alam Adnan, Shahnaz Mehdi,

ABSENT : Golam Sayeed Choudhury.



CLASS



class X



BACK ROW

Mirza Mohiuddin Ahmed, Chowdhury Muntasir Billah, Syed Shafat Zaman, Choudhury Hasan Munasir, Choudhury S.M. Nazir T.O., Nizam Sayeed Mahmud, Ahmed Shahzada Tanvir.

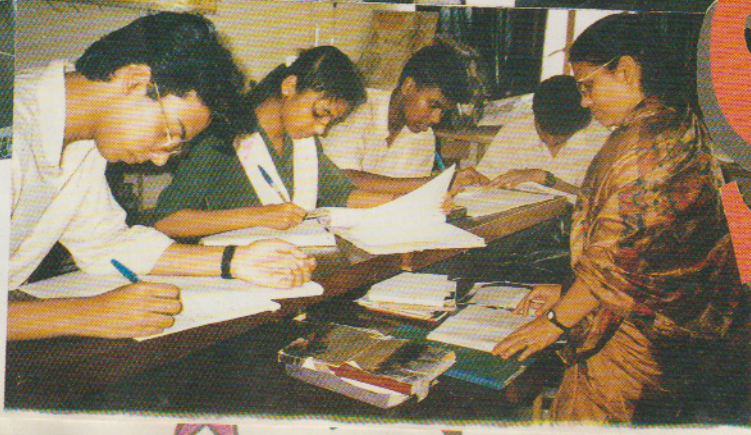
FRONT ROW

Bakr Farah, Awwal Sharmin, Jiwani Shamsa Sadruddin, Sandwipa Synthia, Abdullah Tazin, Mallik Biva Arani, Hashem Nadia Farhana.

Class-Teacher : Mr. Sunil Saha



C
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X



class XXI



BACK ROW

Alia Khan, Khurshid Ferdous, Firoz Imtiaz Ahmed, Alim M.B.M Abdul, Newaz Md. Hassan, Jiwani Salim Sherali, Jiwani Laila Sherali,.

FRONT ROW

Zaman Nazvee Faria, Amin Rehnuma, Ms. Ferdowsi Ruby, Sarker Reefat Maheen, Huq Sumaiya Minnat, Mirza Zohra.

CLASS

!!



Reminiscences ...

Time and tide wait for no one. Give something time, and it will change. Throughout the six splendid years I've spent here, I've watched many things change. I've changed, my friends have changed, the school has changed. I remember when I was in grade VII—a small, shy guy with no friends and limited knowledge of Bangla. The school was a small one, with about a hundred students. As the school has grown, the activities have altered and so has the general atmosphere. In those times, the seniors made the greater portion of the school, and life orientated around them. Now it's very much the opposite. However, some things haven't altered, and I hope never will. One aspect of this school which I have always found most striking (and anyone new here will feel the same) is its close-knit society. In other schools, the sixth-graders have little or no idea of who the A-level students are and "what's going on up there". They don't bother either. Here, we are all one big family. Look in the foyer, look in the library; and you will find students from all levels chatting together and enjoying each other's company. Sixth years ago you might say it was because the school was so darn small. But that can no longer be the explanation. It must be because we are one of a kind.

I've watched myself grow too—physically, academically, morally, and most importantly—in character. I've watched my friends grow, my wishes grow, and my view of life grow in awe and respect. Children are moulded by their environment. And the Aga Khan School was more than a perfect mould for me. It was a priceless experience, I've been through three principals here: Mr. Babar, Mr. Khoja, and Mr. McCaffery, all with the same dream that I had—a school which creates (and has created) an unforgettable foundation of feeling, friendship, and fun. Six years have gone by in the blink of an eye. But for me that blink holds treasures beyond any price. Teachers, principals, and friends: Thank you.

My class and I have one piece of advice to all those who shall still be here in the year (s) to come: A treasure is being handed to you, piece by piece, bit by bit, and the final "jigsaw piece" shall be fitted when you graduate. Cherish this treasure; make it last. Savor it like the last bite on a chocolate bar. For once the "puzzle" is done, the world is there for the taking. Be sure you take it.

I remember that from four to five years back, I had always been dreaming about this day; graduating from school. I just could't wait until it was here. And now that that day has finally come, I somehow wish it never did. I shall miss you all. But anyway, ciao!



With tears of joy & sorrow,
Loban Amaan Rahman.

I have been in AKS for more than three years. Here I've met some of the most wonderful people whom I'll never forget... To be frank, I have found that the teachers here are very generous and personable. From them I have not only acquired academic knowledge but also learnt useful facts about the outer world.

The Economics classes were very interesting not because of the book content but because of the dynamic qualities of Mrs. Fawzia Chowdhury.

Mrs. Fatma's classes had been always humorous. She made jokes and we did too! However, I have an honest confession to make. I've always been afraid of Mr. Yamin Chowdhury and so to me, his classes were always "NERVE SHATTERING".

The General Studies classes were tremendous. During the study of this subject we not only flipped the pages of the text but at times had mini toasts at Mrs. Choudhury's house. By the way, did you know that Mrs. Choudhury is a terrific cook and that she invites you all to her house?

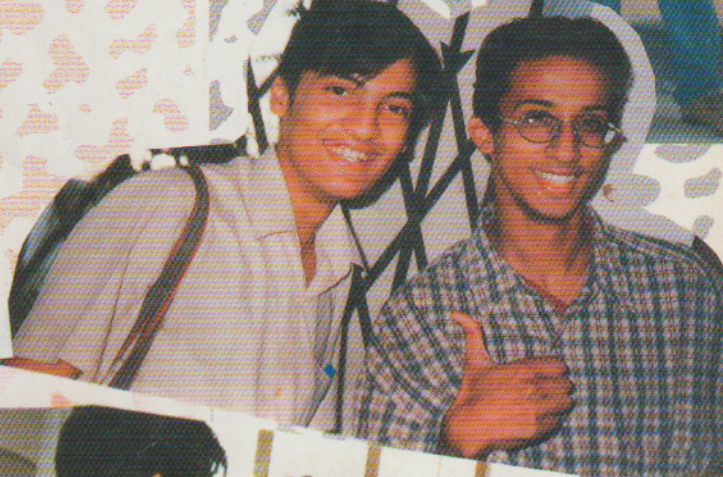
Now the fabulous DARIWALA (you know who I'm talking about) is a great person too. (-Who is she trying to kid? - Editor). He's a man of few words. One of those strong characters that I will never forget.

My friends at AKS are really wonderful, especially my classmates. They are wonderful, understanding, and all of them have good senses of humor. They really made life interesting at AKS.

School is the best part of anyone's life but now the time has come to leave the school and get ready for post-secondary education. Stepping into a university is like stepping into a new world. To me it seems like I will be taking the first step of a thousand mile journey. I have to be responsible, organized and hard working to achieve my goals.

Lastly, I would like to thank all the teachers for helping me to prepare myself for taking up the challenges. And my heartiest love to all my friends who have been with me all through. I wish the AKS a prosperous future.

Jessica

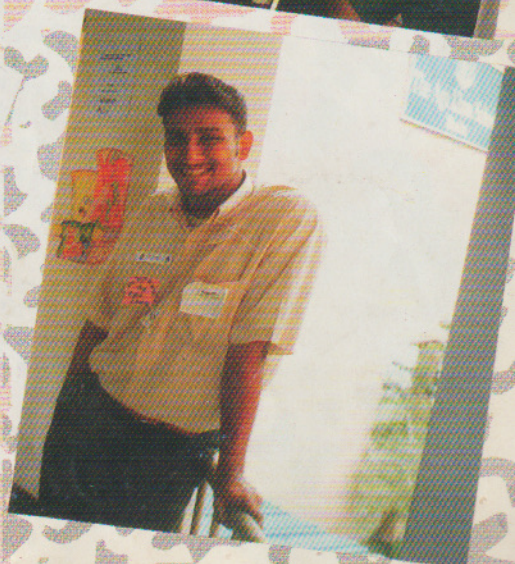


Life is short and one has to use this short time optimally to have fun and get as much out of it as possible. AKS has provided for me a medium through which I could do exactly that. When I first came to this school, I was completely stunned by the fact that everybody knew everybody else. That was something I could not imagine in my wildest dreams in my previous school. From day one this school gave me a sense of belonging.

Some of the most memorable incidents of my life happened in this school. I remember the countless free periods I whiled away on the volleyball field or doing nothing but chatting with my friends. I learnt that it is more important to participate in an activity than to win. I remember doing the first school drama in grade IX and then starting my own drama club in grade XII (which was a dream come true). I remember participating in all sorts of activities ranging from basketball, cricket, volleyball, table tennis, to scrabble and even debating and public speaking. I became the house leader of Griffin last year and I remember organizing ECA's and getting my own team ready to get into action.

Every moment I spent here was wonderful and will stay in my heart as golden memories. I know I will be leaving the AKS as a better person than when I first joined. And I also know that after leaving school a new life awaits me. I welcome that, but still will miss my days in AKS for as long as I live. I express my utmost gratitude to each and every friend I made here, for they made my life so much richer with their support and their love, made life so much more fun. God willing, I plan to keep them.

Love and Best wishes
to every one who was;
who is; and who will be;
in A.K.S.
Rouham Manzoor
1992 (8)-1996 (12)



Hi!

I don't have much to say, except for a few words (or maybe just a little more). The last six years of my school life were absolutely fabulous. I have got to meet some fabulous and interesting people. During the last few days of school, I was, and still am experiencing a lot of nostalgia of my first few years in AKS. At times, I wished that somehow I could turn back the clock, but I guess that's only possible in the movies!! So I suppose I'll just have to get on with life like everyone else.

I'll miss AKS alot, but most of all I'll miss those people whom I had grown very close to in the last couple of years.

Well, that's all from me. Adios Amigos.

KARONA



What a magical time Meeting and departing are part of the game of life, for we meet to make memories and separate to cherish them.

I have seen the school germinate and grow up to be a garden. In the past seven years the sky of my memories has been filled with countless number of stories, which were born in the soil of this school. When I walk past the classes, I hear the history singing in the classroom I have spent a year of my life in. From class VI to class XII each room echoes the song of memories. The ground gave it the rhythm where I have played for years. The air gave it the music, where in the words "Amar Shonar Bangla, Ami Tomae Bhalobashi," danced and welcomed each new day.

Though I cannot mention all those million memories I want to share with you, I will pick one star from each year.

Class 6- 1990 : Those were the days when we had no school uniform. We enjoyed the taste of freedom of choice.

Class 7- 1991 : Arrival of Democracy. The whole school was dancing to the rhythm of the first Head Prefect election.

Class 8-1992 : Establishment of a new plant. The arrival of the computers and our class became the first AKS class to do O-level Computer Studies.

Class 9-1993 : Our class had put up a Bake Sale which has been the best the school has ever had.

Class 10-1994 : The whole school was waiting for our Computer Studies result. Guess who turned out to be the best till present?

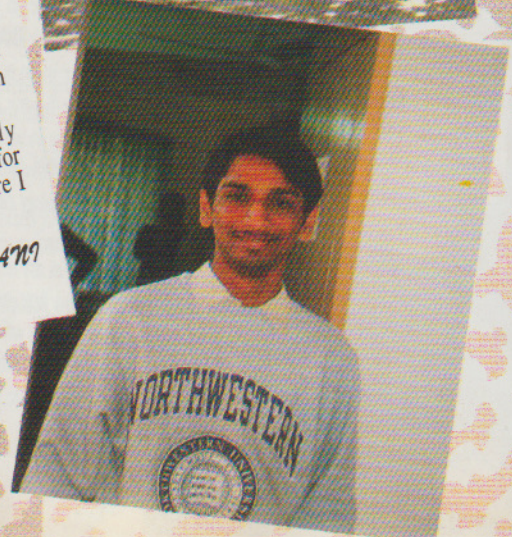
Class 11-1995 : Though I lost, campaigning for the Head Boy election was fun.

I am the first student in AKS who had the chance to enjoy being the junior most student (Class VI) and the senior most student (Class XII). This school gave me two of the finest gifts of the world, one is "roots of responsibility" and the other is "wings of independence."

When I first walked into AKS, I was like these "who see things as they are and ask why." I leave the school as one, "who dreams of things that have never been and ask 'why not?'"

AKS is different from other schools in two ways : one, the friendly atmosphere and the other is friends mean both the student and teacher. Well for me, in seven years this place has become my second home. So no matter where I am, a part of me will always be floating in the air of AKS.

ABIZ DHAMANI



class XII

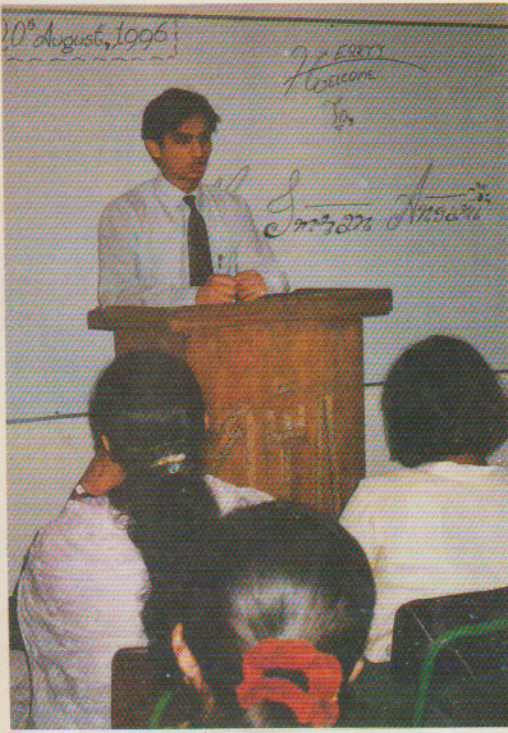


BACK ROW

Rahman Loban Amaan, Manzoor Rouham, Dhamani Abdul Aziz,

FRONT ROW

Hossain Khona Amina, Ms. Fatema Johra, Suma Jessica Tartila



Imran Ansari-Ex-student of Aga Khan School.
Now studying at Dartmouth College, U.S.A.,
he gave a seminar on University Admissions



Yuki Sato-Jenna Rowlands



Visiting Teachers
University of Calgary
Teacher Intern Programme



Left-Dr. Yattu Kanu Right - Dr. Kazin Bacchous
Institute for Educational Development
Aga Khan University
Karachi, Pakistan.



Students from French School visited our school



Ms. Zahra Jamal - Ms.Shannon Wagner
Visiting Teachers
University of Calgary
Teacher Intern Programme

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Mom, there has been an accident



CD's make good mirrors
for combing hair



Ban hot chili pepper



Participants of the Public Speaking Contest



Waste as much water as you can!



Chemistry stinks, Physics
doesn't work and Biology
is green and it wriggles



Rickshaw-bin-Ferrari



What would I do if was
asked to marry Mr. McCaffery?



Junior Champion



Senior Champion

PUBLIC
SPEAKING

AKS

VS



FOLLOW THE EASY INSTRUCTIONS FOR SUCCESS



"WINNING AT FOOTBALL"



STEP 1:

RUN AT THE BALL AT GREAT VELOCITY AND AIM AT THE GOAL AREA



STEP 2:

KICK THE BALL HARD !!!
IF DONE CORRECTLY IT WILL RESULT IN A

GOAL!!!!

(ACCOMPANIED BY LOUD CHEERS FROM THE CROWD)

SCHOLASTICA



Defy the laws of gravity to scare the hell out of your opponents.

There are some people in life whose relentless quest for glory leads them to a destined and miserable death and there are others who simply love a good beating. AHM..., enough psychology. Yes there they were, only one week later, this time trying their luck at volleyball. As any A.K.S. student knows that was a very wrong strategic move, for where our students are just amateur magicians when it comes to soccer, when it comes to volleyball we are athletic wizards. The team was a large one due to the large number of great players in the school, but it was decided on Shafat, Zubair, Ilyas, Shabab, Munasir, Shihab, Ahrar, and Wissam, to play, and Shagor, Rafiul, Sayeed and Nayeem as substitutes.

The game started on a slow footing and Scholastica must be given credit. They had us on the ropes for a moment and ran away with the first set, the score was 13-15 to Scholastica. No one knows what Mr. Bhuiyan said to the team in the short interval after the first set. Maybe it was his life story, maybe it was a bribe, but whatever it was it worked. Our team displayed some beautiful volleyball, and ran, picked, jumped, smashed and spiked all the way through the second set, to win it 15-00. The AKS team then just played a consistent last set, giving us a 15-13 set and match. The victory was put down to Mr Bhuiyan's excellent coaching and the star player was class X's Shafat.



Haven't they got anything to cheer about.

VOLLEYBALL		
ACA KHAN SCHOOL	Vs	SCHOLASTICA
15	POINT	00
1	SET	1

OH! guess not!



AKS vs Scholastica

HAND BALL



OH DEAR. HOW DID THIS EVER HAPPEN? YES, RATHER EMBARRASSING WOULDNT YOU SAY? WE TRIED TO COVER THIS ONE UP. BUT JUST FOR SAKE OF SAYING, "HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY" (NEVER ONE OF MY FAVORITE QUOTATIONS), YES, THE SCHOLASTICANS DID MANAGE TO GET ONE VICTORY OVER US ON THE 30th MAY: GIRLS' HANDBALL, ON THEIR OWN TURF.

THE GUILTY PARTY KNOWN AS "THE AGA KHAN GIRLS' HANDBALL TEAM" CONSISTED OF BHAVANI, FARZANA, BASMA, CYNTHIA, DONNA, ALHAAN, SAMAN, RIZWANA, KASHFIA, AND JAHAN AS THE GOALKEEPER. THERE IS LITTLE TO SAY ABOUT THE MATCH, EXCEPT THAT WE WERE SIMPLY NOT EXPERIENCED ENOUGH AND OUTMATCHED, AND RECEIVED A THOROUGH PASTING FROM START TO FINISH. YES, CREDIT MUST BE GIVEN TO THE A.K.S TEAM WHICH BATTLED HARD, DESPITE BEING COMPLETE STRANGERS TO THE GAME. EVEN WHEN IT STARTED TO POUR WITH RAIN THE A.K.S TEAM PLAYED WITH ITS TRUE AGA KHAN SCHOOL FIGHTING SPIRIT. THE FINAL SCORE WAS (BRACE YOURSELVES) 12-03 WITH TWO GOALS FROM BHAVANI AND ANOTHER FROM SHIFAT

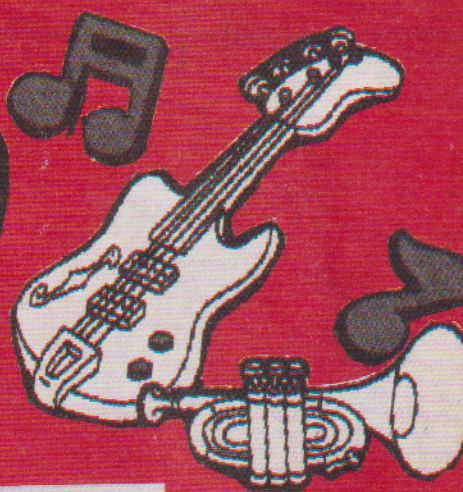
OUR TEAM WENT AWAY SLIGHTLY DISAPPOINTED, WITH SOME PROMISES OF A REMATCH. WE SHALL SEE!



L'ecole Francais

Green Gems School

১২ম পাক্ষিক



১৯৯৬



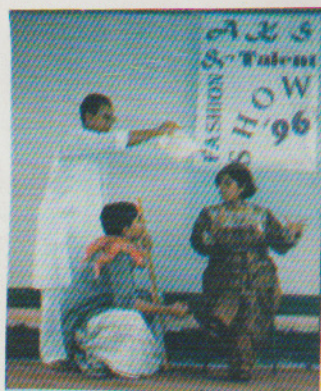
The annual AKS TALENT SHOW has always been a showcase for the super talented AKS students, to show off their skills, as entertainers and performing artists. This year's show was no exception with an array of traditional Bengali dancers, singers, musicians, magicians and also plays in both English and Bengali. In addition, the Fashion Show was organized by Mrs. Sami and some class XII students, giving the future designers and super models a chance to be creative, wearing modern and traditional outfits.



Fashion & Talent Show



Tarannum's terrific outfit design and modelling swept the guys off their feet, and got her first prize in the fashion show. Basma's beautiful blue shalwar kameez and Cindy Crawford type walk on the catwalk had the guys gasping for breath and got her second.







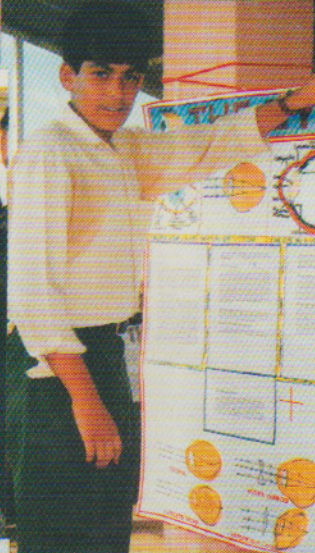
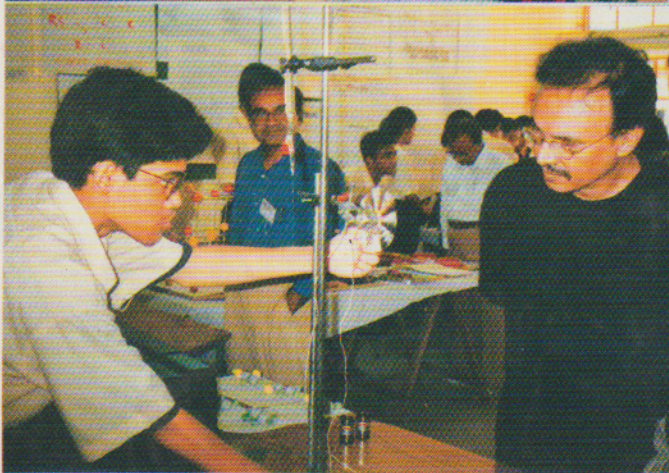
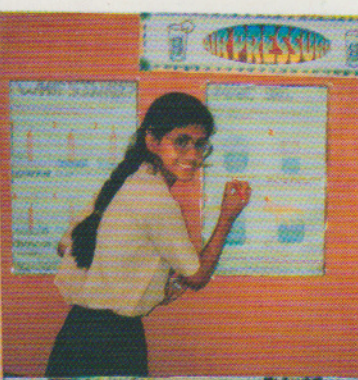
SCIENCE

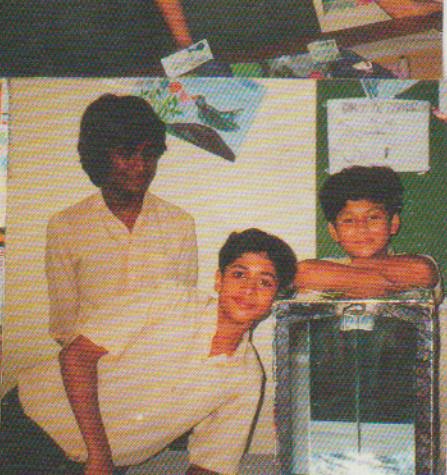


FAIR

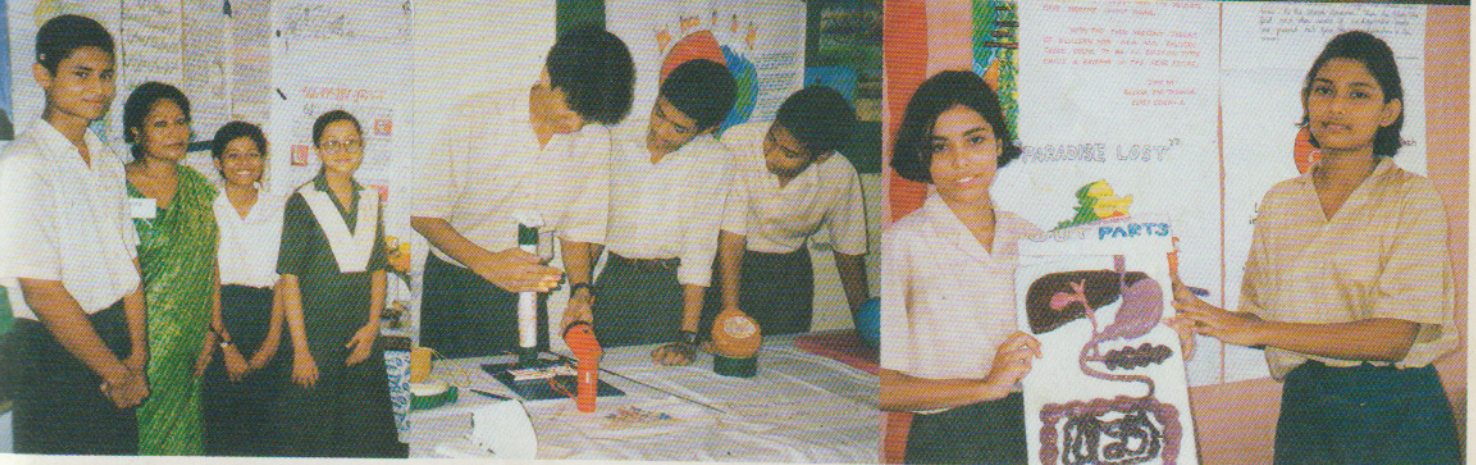
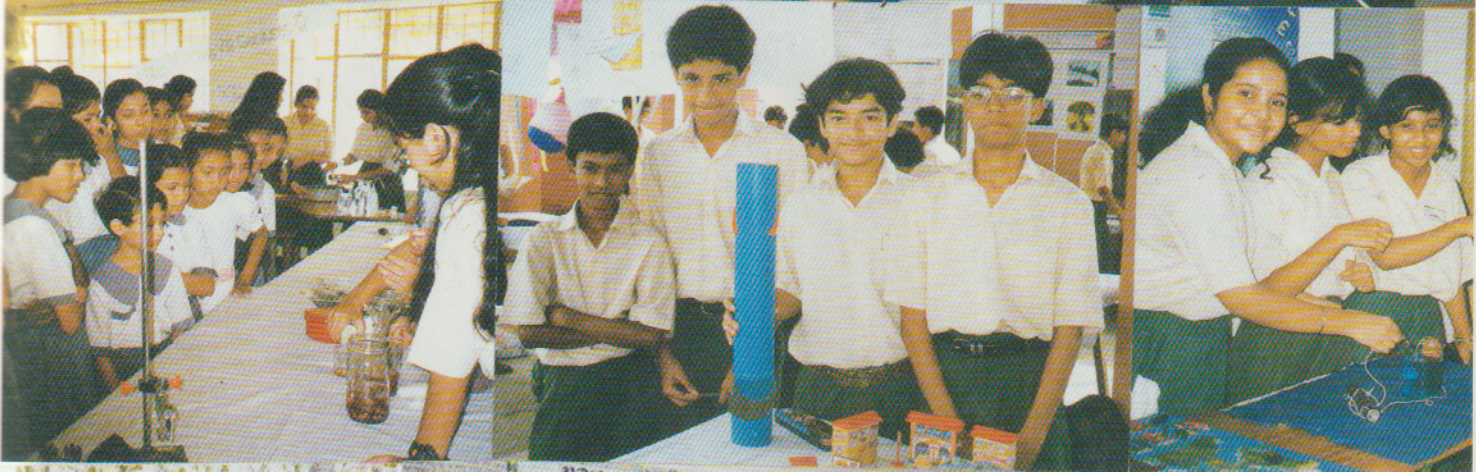
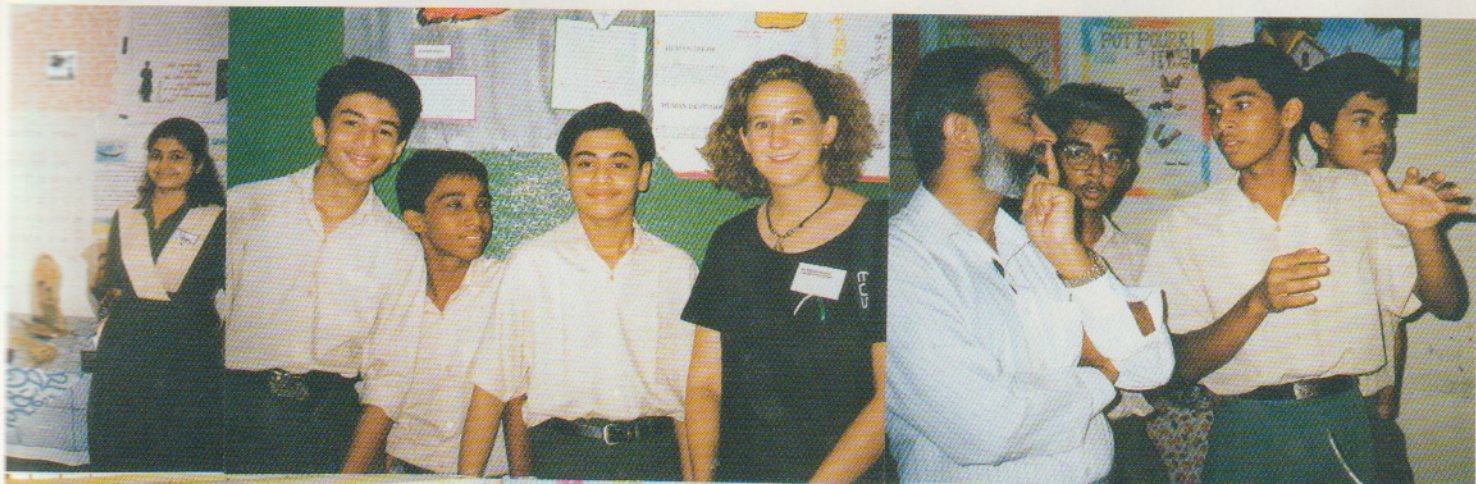














*Jessica
Student in Charge*

The Charity Club



*Ms. Ruhma
Teacher in Charge*



*Members of the Charity Club
who played parts in the drama*



At the bake sale



A short play

The Charity club was established in January 1996. At present there are about 30 active members of the club. The club's main aim is to help the poor and needy by raising money. During the year, the members have arranged bake sales, school plays, donation boxes, etc. One of the major contributions of the School was to send Eid gifts to the children of the Shishu Hospital. Some of the gifts were also given to the helping staff of the school. The whole school sends its heartiest congratulations to Ms. Ruhma, Jessica and to the members for their dedication and commitment to the club.



Money collected at the bake sale



At the slums





VISIT TO THE SHISHU HOSPITAL



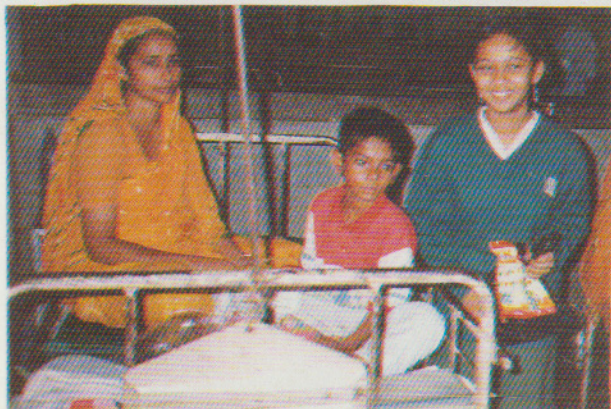
In 1994 during the holy month of Ramadan, our vice-principal, Mrs, Sajeda Choudhury, thought it would be in the true spirit of the month if we remembered the lesser fortunate members of the society. Of course, it was not and will not be possible for us to help all the people. The thought of helping sick or injured children at the Shishu Hospital to make their stay at the hospital a little brighter was in the capability of the students of the Aga Khan School. We couldn't possibly change their lives, but we could at best ease their pain in their time of distress. The students realized what a good cause this was and contributed gifts such as clothes and toys. These gifts were then taken to



the Hospital by a group of students from A.K.S, and distributed amongst the children there. "It was one of the many pleasant experiences in my life", says one member from the group, from A.K.S, "just to see their faces lighten up".

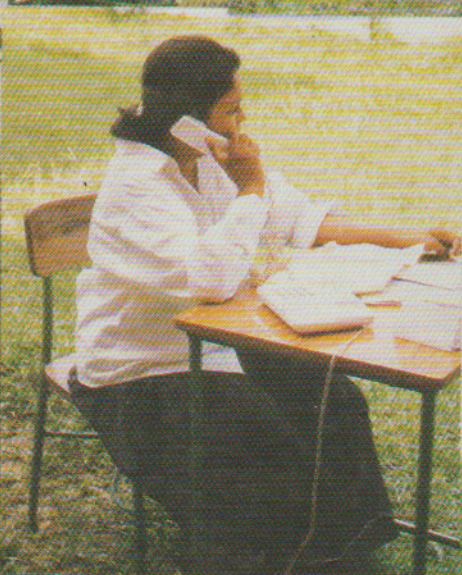
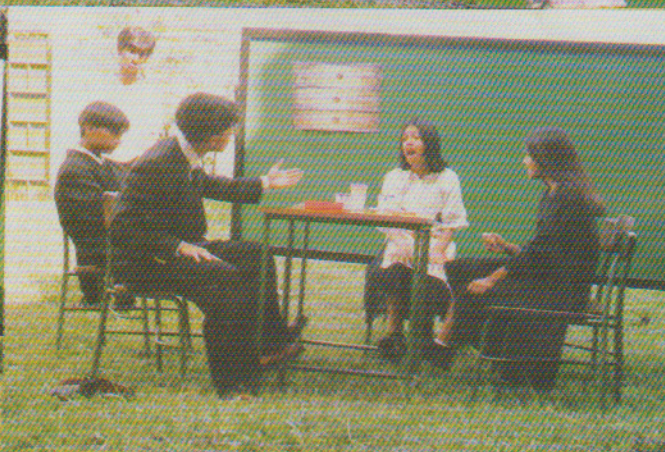
This year a group of students from our school, including members from the charity club, continued to practice the tradition by visiting the Shishu hospital on the 7th of February, 1996.

We wish to continue this wonderful tradition of ours, in the coming years. After all, drops of water make up an ocean.





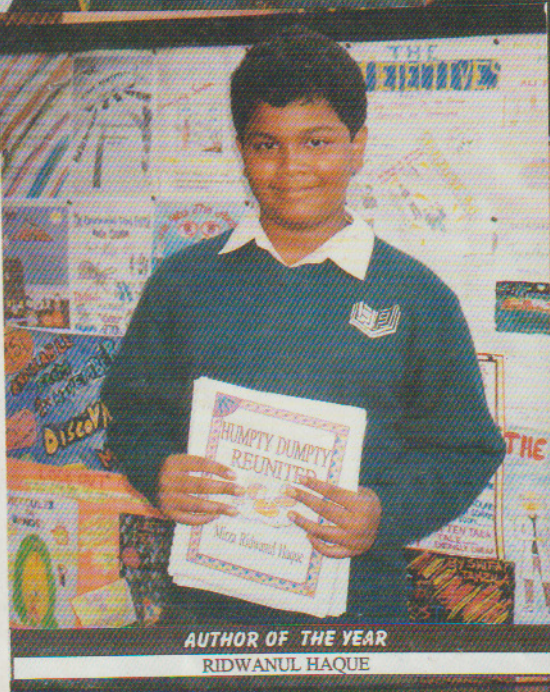
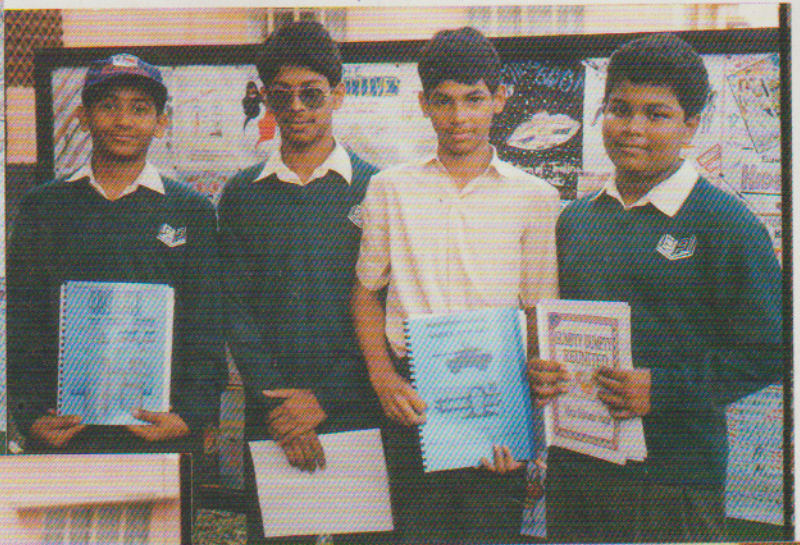
DRAMA





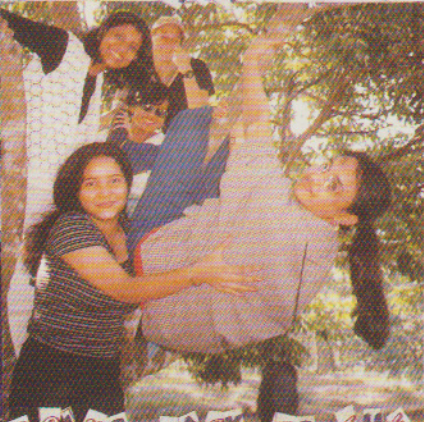
D R A M A

Young Authors' Awards Ten Taka Tales

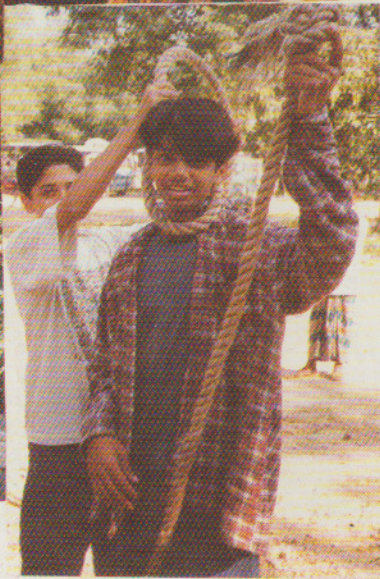
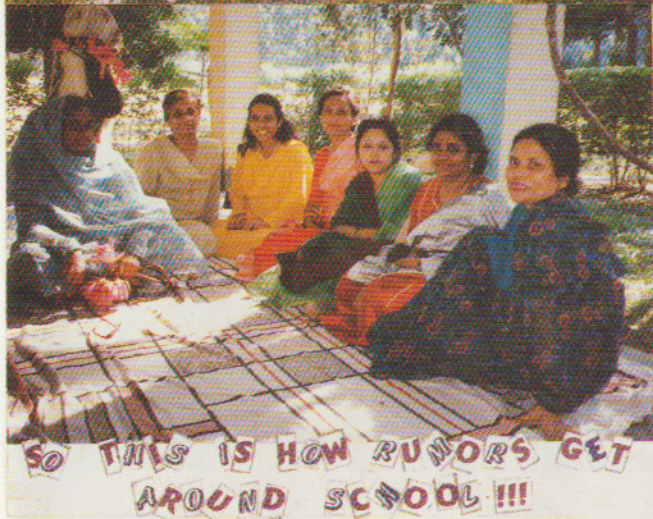




PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT



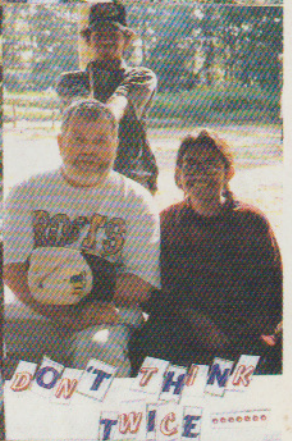
GOING BACK TO THE STONE AGES !!!



SO THIS IS HOW RUMORS GET AROUND SCHOOL !!!







Class VII-
Visit to the National Museum



Class IX-Visit to Ahasan Manzil



Class VII-
Visit to the airport



FIELD TRIP

69

Class VII-Visit to the Coca-Cola factory



Class X-Visit to the Science Laboratory





BANGLADESH DEBATE FEDERATION

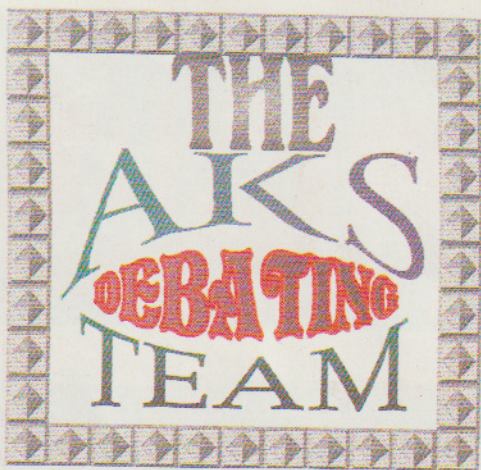
SECOND NATIONAL FESTIVAL



This year our debating team officially blasted into the Bangladesh debate scene with full effect. Through the debate media our school has made itself recognized as a school with one of the best debating societies.

Our students first showed their blooming talents at the Second National Debate Festival, where our students displayed spontaneity in the parliamentary debate, gave intelligent and rousing speeches for the United Nations Debate, and were quick to answer professional journalists at the pre-election debate. Three cheers for the A.K.S debating team!





But that was only the beginning. Our debating skills were once again displayed at the National English Television debate, where our team came out as the 1996 National English Debate Champions.

After a rocky start to the tournament where our team lost to S.F.X. Greenherald International School, the A.K.S. debating team lifted their heads up high and stormed through the competition defeating Wills Little Flower in the quarter-final, Manarat International School in the semi-finals, and Bangladesh International Tutorial in the finals. The team which brought our school much pride and joy was coached by Miss Ruma Chowdhury, Mr. Kamel Haque and Miss Zarah Jamal. The team itself acted as the opposition party, with Jahan Rahman (IX) as the leader of the opposition, Tazin Abdullah (X) as the deputy leader of the opposition, and Mashfiqul Haque (VIII) as the member of the opposition. The A.K.S. team put on the most spectacular and entertaining performance where they questioned, deliberated, convinced, and persuaded furiously, laying cunning traps leaving their opponents "speechless". Our team came out as the 1996 champions and we have every reason to look forward to becoming the champions in the years to come.



YEAR END



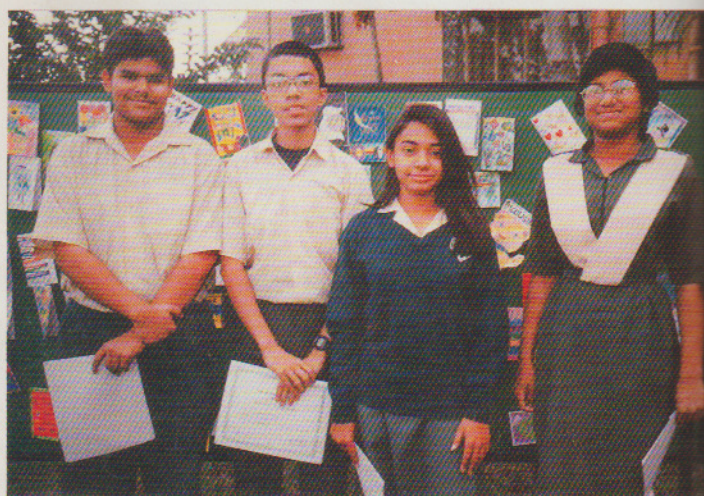
VI-I
SAIMA KHAN
NAYEEMUL HAQ
BENEESHA ENAYATALI
TANIA FAUZIA QUAMRUN
LENA KHAN
SHAHNILA MAHZABEEN



VI-II
RIDWANUL HAQUE
KARIM ABU ALI
SHIHAN ABRAR CHOWDHURY
MASHFIQUR RAHMAN
AMLA MOHAMMED RASHID
MARIA ASHNA SHAHID
SHABBER MANNAN
NAZR MD. IFRAN
NOOMAYA JAYED



VII-I
FARZANA KAMAL
FUAD MAHMOOD ABDULLAH
MEHZABEEN AHMED
CHOWDHURY MD. YASEEN
NAZMUN CHOWDHURY
NAZMUL ALAM
KAANITA HASSAN



VIII
MASHFIQUL HAQUE
TOUHID AHMED CHOWDHURY
BASMA KHANDAKER
NISHAT SHAILA HASHEM

HONOUR ROLL



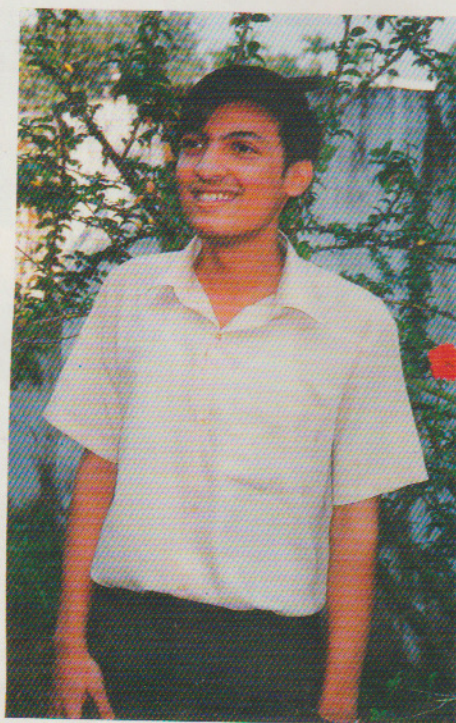
IX
HUMAIRA HABIB
TOMALIKA AHSAN
TARIQ AKBAR
USHA THIAGARAJA (ABSENT)



XI
HASSAN MD. NEWAZ
SARKER REEFAT MAHEEN
ZOHRA MIRZA



VII-II
NABEEL UD DAULA
WAHID AHMED CHOUDHURY
RIZWANA ZAFRIN

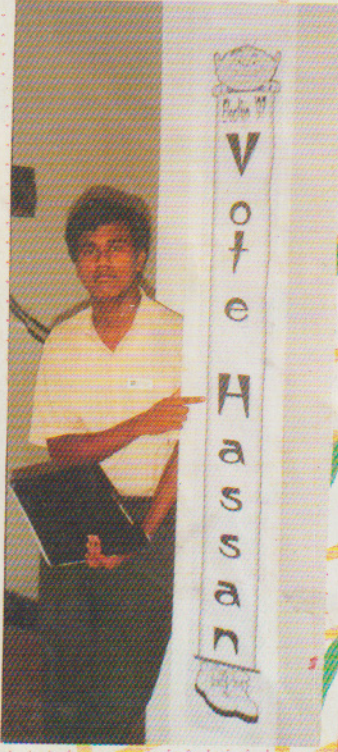
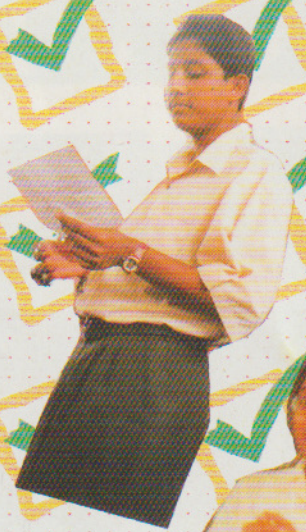


XII
SCHOOL ACADEMIC LEADER
LOBAN AMAAN RAHMAN

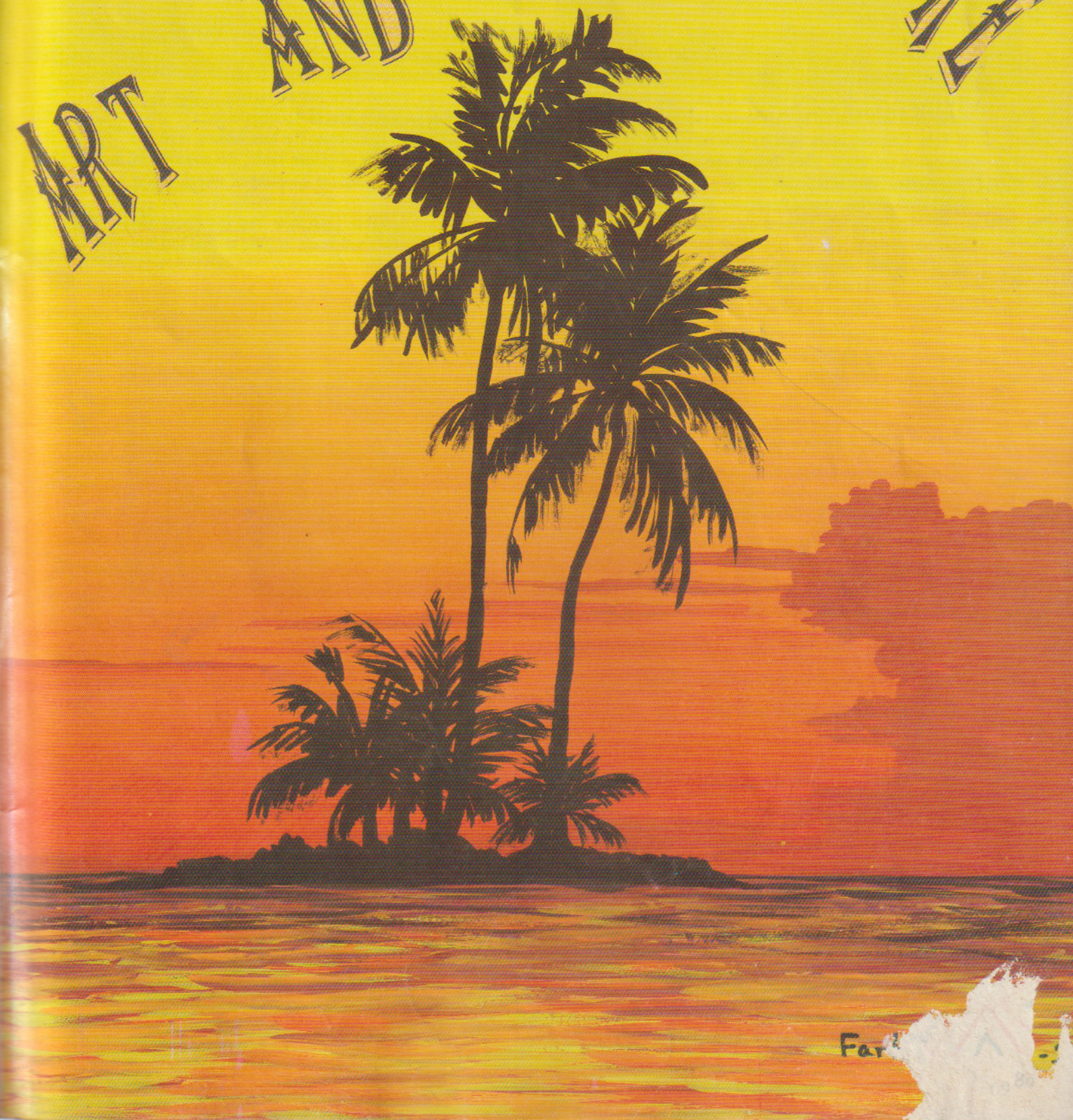


X
NADIA FARHANA HASHEM
SYED SHAFAT ZAMAN
BIVA ARANI MALLIK

HEAD BOY \ HEAD GIRL ELECTION CAMPAIGN



ART AND LITERATURE



Far

Mystic

Risalat Alam Zabeer

Class IX

The stars blinked with their cluster of silver tears that danced in rhythm with the moonlight endowing their sparkle to the vast sea below. The sea water lapped against Abdul's boat as he cast his line into the glistening water hoping for a good catch. It was a good time for the fishermen and a bad time for the fishes.

For some time Abdul watched the waters dance about in a festive mood when an alluring light shimmered within the water's bounds. The light suddenly evolved into the murky depths below. The boat surged topside and only Abdul's horrified scream echoed against the jumbled waters, in vain.

As unconsciousness took its leave and consciousness seeped into Abdul's wavering mind. He felt as if he was between limbo and chaos. His body seemed to hover and as his vision rose, reason seemed to take shelter from him and a broth of oblivion filled his mind. He seemed to be walking on the sea-bed and breathing like the fishes. As he moved, his motions seemed heavy. The sea-water was fringed with the silvery light of the pale blue moon that Abdul couldn't see. Abdul jumped a few feet ahead, only to draw back, as his eyes were blinded by the dazzling ballet of light. The aftermath was more amazing. For in front of Abdul unfolded a kingdom of light. Coloured fishes went by. The occasional bubbles filled the picturesque scene to its extreme. The hard looking crust felt smooth to the touch. They looked like a cluster of small buildings. The patios had floors of golden sands, the windows of crustaceans. Pearls drooped from the hangovers. But no signs of life. It seemed desolated. It had the sympathy of silence. Abdul didn't know life had created this mystic shelter for its own but in due course had rejected it.

This fairy tale moment didn't last long as an unnerving rumble began, the sands rose from their rest and Abdul was launched upwards at an unimaginable speed. He spurted out of the water surface landing on the soft beach as if the sea had spat him out of its organs, no more longing for his company.

LADY LOVE

*I have some promises to keep,
To travel miles before I sleep,
My journey continues until I find,
Someone who is deep in my mind,*

*She shines like a moon and gleams like a star,
"I love you," my heart says "wherever you are,"
Towards her my love will always flow,
No matter wherever she will go,*

*She looks at me with her beautiful face,
And then she smiles with youth and grace
Without her, my heart starts to cry,
To see her again, I would even die.*

*Omar Shafiq
-Class IX*



Samaha Mashmooma VII-2

Just Love

*It's a force that has dragged her away
to the point of no coming back
It's believed to be a feeling
Some say, that makes one do things he would want to take back.
His thoughts stay in her mind day and night
Like a flower's lingering scent nearby,
And on his approach, she is filled with delight.
But love is a feeling that can't be defined.
There is no other thing so pure and refined.*

*Alia Khan
Class-XI*



Nazmul Alam VII-II



Farhana Sobhan VII-II

WHO AMI ?

-Zaki-ur-Rahman

Class VII-II

*I wanna drive a massive car
I wanna private burger bar,
I wanna lotta fun at nights
I wanna name that's up in lights.
I wanna wear a lame suit
I wanna be a hanky brute,
I wanna be where I'll be seen
I wanna shake hands with the Queen.
I wanna be wow! really great
I wanna own a big estate,
I wanna have a London home
I wannanother one in Rome.
I wanna smoke a big cigar
I wanna thrash of flash guitar,
Now who I am is up to you
I've given you every possible clue.*



Tomalika Ahsan IX

THE MOURNING OF A GLOOMY MIND

NISHAT SHAILA (VIII)

I am walking down the street
Trying to decide what to do.
Since I've lost all my faith
In myself and the things I do.
Dark clouds are floating about inside my heart,
As though they'll soon start raining hard.
My anxious mind can't decide what's so wrong
It only mourns and it only cries,
All the happiness gone.
As the sun sets on the west sky,
And the moon shines happy and bright,
I wonder why I should be sad;
What should make me cry?
I can't remember the exact time
When I've lost all my faith,
What have belittle me, anguish me straight.
I, a miserable, poor thing,
Am still walking down the street
Trying to decide what to do
As I've lost all my trait.

THE UFO

On an April night my friend, Dastagir, and I were driving home after a festival. We were about 2,000 miles from the nearest forest and were driving alone. I was driving and Dastagir was looking into the moonlit night when, out of the blue, a bright object could be seen, very high up in the air. We didn't take much notice of it.

It was 1:00 am and I was feeling sleepy. I can remember falling half-asleep, when suddenly, a bright light hit my eyes, nearly blinding me. I could see it was a peculiar object in the sky, coming closer and closer. I woke Dastagir up and stopped the car.

It appeared to have the shape of a diamond. It had window-like things which had lights coming out of them and red heat rays coming out from the base of it.

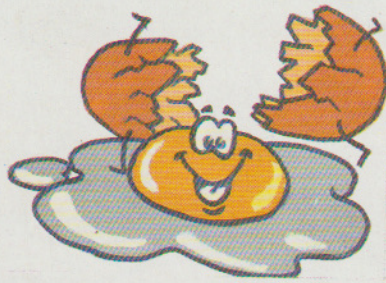
Suddenly we found ourselves in a white room. The room was bright and it was like an operating room.

There were creatures in the corner of the room. They each were three inches tall and had an oval head, with no eyeballs. Dastagir, the wimp he was, fainted. After this I can't remember anything.

At 5:00 am, I found myself awake in my car. I woke Dastagir up, dropped him off at his house. We have never told anyone about this incident till this day.

Saif Anwar
Class VI-2

HUMPTY DUMPTY REUNITED



It is true that Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall and also that Dumpty had a great fall. But all the king's horses and all his men couldn't put Humpty together again is not true. In the year 1986, during an archaeologist expedition in the U.K. an old book was found which revealed what actually had happened.

Humpty was the Prince's favourite playmate. So the prince was very sad at the awful incident. The king's men carefully placed the broken parts of Humpty nicely in jar, with an opening to breathe. The prince was not only young, but handsome and brave too and he was kind and caring too. He came and visited Humpty where he was kept twice a day. The king offered a reward of 5000 gold coins to the person who could fix Humpty. Days passed, no one came, and the Prince remained sad.

Each day the reward grew larger. The day the reward became 6000 golden coins, a traveller came to the kingdom. He went to the castle and asked to see the king about Humpty. He introduced himself as Marco Polo. He had travelled widely and knew of many remarkable people and wondrous happenings. He mentioned a Doctor Doolittle who was particularly kind to all God's creatures who might know how to help Humpty. He took out a map from his odd looking bag and said the location of Dr. Doolittle was on it. Though the king offered him some of the reward, he refused politely saying he wished Humpty well and peace to the kingdom.

The prince was overwhelmed with the news. He took the map and said that he would start on the journey himself on the very next day. The next morning he woke up with joy and laughter and after enjoying breakfast, sat down to study the map. The map said that in the middle of the enchanted forest there was a double trunked oak tree and that if he faced it and travelled to the right, he would reach a valley where Dr. Doolittle's animal farm was situated. The Prince got ready and set off with a regiment of the King's guard carrying Humpty's jar.

At the end of the first day they reached the outer margin of the forest. Here they camped by a fire and dined on roasted deer singing 'For he's a jolly good fellow' to Humpty. Next morning they entered the forest. The Prince had never seen a forest so big and dense. It was like they had entered a big dark room. No sunlight could reach the ground and the leaves were making a strange sound. They came across many animals they had never seen before. After two days they had reached the great oak tree. The prince did just as the map mentioned. He stood in front of the oak tree, faced it and moved to the right. Everybody followed him. After a long time, they reached a huge stretch of land where innumerable animals were grazing, where a sign board read, 'Dr. Doolittle's Animal Farm'.

The Prince saw a kind old man sitting on a chair feeding a little lamb from a feeder, surrounded by a flock of sheep. The prince told him Humpty's problem. After listening he said, "I am afraid I can do little. Please don't think that's why I'm called Doolittle. Actually this kind of healing needs more than ordinary knowledge." However, he said he knows of Merlin who lived and worked in the enchanted cave who could do such a thing.

After thanking Doolittle, the Prince hurriedly proceeded to Merlin's cave. On the way he chuckled to his soldiers, "Can you believe that MERLIN stands for Master of Enchanted Restoration of the London Institute of Neuroscience! I certainly hope the old doctor is telling the truth."

On reaching the cave after a long journey, part of which was through the clouds because of the height of the mountains, they were dumbstruck as they saw a huge cobweb cover the entrance. A sign read, 'Beware of breaking the cobweb.' They could see a bell on the other side, impossible to ring without tearing the cobweb. After waiting for more than half a day, the prince in his impatience took out his sword and made a flashing movement like a X and tore open the cobweb. Then he pressed the tip of his sword to ring the bell and called loud to Merlin to come out. Nothing happened and everybody was a bit amazed to see so. Humpty, however, could do nothing but watch from his jar, hoping that everything would work out well.

Soon they saw a very old man, slowly coming out in a black cape and a tall conical hat marked with stars that dazzled. They asked him why nothing happened for breaking the cobweb and he replied, "Tut, tut, young man! That sign is only meant for cowards. As for sincere and brave folks like you, I'm always eager to help. You have passed the test. Actually, I was waiting for you." The Prince nodded and entered behind Merlin followed by the rest. They were amazed at the glowing interior of the cave. Then they entered a room filled with instruments and strange apparatuses which looked like a complex laboratory of the future. Shelves were lined with bottles of all shapes and sizes, containing liquids of the most amazing colours—some boiling and other bubbling and steaming.

After learning Humpty's problem, with his consent, Merlin took a small piece of his shell for examination. He put it under a twenty foot tall microscope and then climbed a ladder to look into it while everybody watched anxiously. He moved some wheels on the microscope as if he was steering a ship, waited for some time and turned to the prince shouting that it could be done by genetic engineering. The Prince exclaimed 'Great!' without understanding head or tail. Merlin started searching his jars and bottles and finally turned to them and said, "Well my last Salamander egg must have been used up in another operation. You have to get me one from the enchanted green pond in the interior of the volcano underneath this cave. But remember, you have to dive and get it to the surface in one breath, otherwise the cloning won't match.

The Prince lost no time in selecting five of his best knights and started for the green pond. Before he left, he turned to Humpty, waved and said, "Don't worry! I shall be back with the egg." Then they struggled along the caves battling giant rats and bats and other hazards until they came to the pond. The Prince took a deep breath and dived into the bubbling water.

As the Prince raced through the crystal green water like an arrow, he saw wondrous creatures and plants of the water world, but his mind was set on finding only the egg, so he brushed everything aside. Then, in a nest of grass moss at the bottom of the pond he found it! He grabbed it and raced back as his lungs started to give way. Just as they were about to burst, his head emerged out of the water and he threw the egg towards one of the knights shouting "Grab it!". As he caught it "Hooray!" cried all the others and the Prince swam ashore and sighed in relief.

The rest is history. Merlin used parts of the salamander egg to clone and grow new parts for Humpty which were attached to his broken lower half by the process of Genetic Engineering. A science which was lost for centuries and is only being rediscovered now was the actual mystery behind the reunification of Humpty. Humpty's lifestyle changed a bit after this. Previously he used to hop along happily everywhere he went. Now, when he needs to move, he has to crawl, for the rest of his life.

Mirza Ridwanul Haque
Class VI - 2



আহসান মঞ্জিলে কয়েক ঘন্টা

- আহমেদ ইফতেখার

শ্রেণী : ৯ম

সকাল বেলা ঘুম থেকে উঠেই মনে পড়ল আজ ফিল্ডট্রিপ, মনটা আনন্দে ভরে গেল। কুলের বন্ধুদের সাথে মজা করার আনন্দের সাথে যোগ হল বাংলা পরীক্ষা না দেয়ার আনন্দ। এক সপ্তাহ আগে প্রথম যখন বাংলা শিক্ষিকা আমাদের বলেছিলেন আহসান মঞ্জিলে নিয়ে যাবেন সেইদিন থেকে ক্লাসের সবাই গভীর আগ্রহে অপেক্ষা করছিলাম। মনের মধ্যে চলছিল নানারকম জল্পনা কল্পনা।

নির্দিষ্ট দিনে ঠিক সকাল আটটার সময় কুলে পৌছালাম এবং শিক্ষিকা বলে দিলেন সকাল ৯টার সময় রওনা দেব আমরা। ক্লাসের সবাই আমরা খাবার এবং নানারকম টুকিটাকি জিনিস নিয়ে তৈরী ছিলাম। আমি মনে মনে বৃষ্টির ভয়ে উৎকণ্ঠিত ছিলাম কিন্তু সৌভাগ্য আমাদের, যদিও সেদিন আকাশ ছিল মেঘলা এবং আবহাওয়া অনুকূলে নয় তবুও এই ঝড়ো বাতাসের মধ্যে আমরা বাসে করে সময়মত রওনা দিলাম। অলিগলি, নানানরাস্তা ঘুরে অবশেষে আমাদের বাস পৌছাল একটি বিশাল গেটের সামনে। সামনে তাকিয়ে যা দেখলাম আমার মনে হচ্ছিল এ যেন রূপকথার কোন রাজপ্রাসাদ আরব্যরজনীর দৈত্য ভুল করে পুরানঢাকায় ফেলে গেছে। গোলাপী রঙের উঁচু দোতারা এই দালানটি এত বছর পরও খুবই সুন্দর লাগছিল।

আমরা সবাই বাস থেকে নেমে গেটের ভেতরে ঢুকলাম। প্রাসাদের নিচের তলায় একটি কাউন্টারে আমরা ব্যাগ রেখে সবাই মিলে প্রাসাদের অভ্যন্তরে ঢুকলাম। ভেতরে সাজানো প্রায় সব জিনিসই ছিল নবাবী আমলের। বড় বড় রাজা, বাদশাহ ও নবাবদের তৈলচিত্র, তাদের লেখা বই, তলোয়ার প্রভৃতি সুন্দরভাবে সাজানো ছিল প্রাসাদের প্রতিটি কক্ষে। আমরা সবাই অনুভব করতে পারছিলাম অতীতের এই আসবাবপত্রের পেছনে কত ইতিহাস কত স্মৃতি লুকিয়ে আছে। প্রাসাদের দোতালায় ছিল নবাবদের ব্যবহৃত বৈঠকখানা। প্রাচীর ও জৌলসপূর্ণ সব জিনিসপত্র ছিল সেই বৈঠকখানায়।

অবাক করার মত একটি বৈশিষ্ট্য ছিল আহসান মঞ্জিলের। তা হলো পুরো দোতালার মেঝে ছিল সম্পূর্ণ কাঠের তৈরী এবং এত বছর পরও তা ছিল বেশ মজবুত। প্রাসাদের বারান্দা দিয়ে হাটার সময়ে দেখতে পেলাম বুড়িগঙ্গা নদীর এক অপরূপ দৃশ্য। ঝিরঝিরে ঠান্ডা বাতাস ভেসে আসছিল সেইদিক থেকে। আহসান মঞ্জিলের আনাচে কানাচে ঘুরলাম আমরা সবাই মিলে। তারপর চলল খাওয়ার পালা। প্রাসাদের সামনের খোলা মাঠে বসে খেলাম আমরা সবাই মিলে। তারপর আরও কিছুক্ষণ ঘুরে ফিরে এবার রওনা দিলাম কুলের উদ্দেশে।

এক কথায় বলতে গেলে আহসান মঞ্জিল অপূর্ব জায়গা। সেখানে গেলে পাওয়া যায় আগেকার দিনের নবাবদের জীবনযাপনের একটি স্বচ্ছ ধারণা। সব মিলিয়ে ফিল্ডট্রিপ আমার কাছে এতটাই ভাল লেগেছিল যা কিনা বাংলা পরীক্ষা স্থগিত হবার পরও লাগেনি।



সিন্ধু টু

-মারিয়া আশনা

শ্রেণী : ৬ষ্ঠ-২

আমাদের ক্লাস সিন্ধু টু
টিচাররা আমাদের নিয়ে গল্প করে শুধু।
বাংলা মিস বলে তাদের আক্কেল নাই এতটুকু,
সবাই বলে “তোরা ভারি দুষ্ট”,
ইংলিশ মিস বলে “তারা সবাই কথা বলে বকবক”,
ফিসিন্স স্যার আমাদের দেয় একটা ধমক।
রুমা মিস বলে “তারা ভেরী ইমপ্রেসিভ”,
জিওগ্রাফি স্যার বলে “তারা ভেরী এ্যাথ্রেসিভ”।
এই কমেন্টস পড়ে কি তোমাদের মনে হয়,
যে “সিন্ধু টু কি এতটুকু ভাল নয়?”
আমার কাছে সিন্ধু টু খুব মজা লাগে,
কিন্তু ক্লাসের ব্যাপারে তোমাদের বলে নিই আগে।
এখন আমার কবিতাটি শেষ হল,
সিন্ধু টুর কথা শুনে কি তোমাদের মজা লাগলো?



আজরা করিম, শ্রেণী : ৯ম

মানবী তুমি

-তারাননুম লায়লা

শ্রেণী : ৯ম

মানবী তুমি হও সতেচন, হও বুদ্ধিমান
বাধা দাও তারে, যে সর্বদা তোমারে
করিয়েছে ভ্রিয়মান।

আর কতকাল, সইবে তুমি, অজস্র জ্বালাতন?
তোমার দুঃখে মাটি যায় ফেটে,
ঝড়ে বয় অভিমানে।

মানবী তুমি জেগে ওঠ, হয়ে ওঠ তুমি কঠোর,
সম্মুখে আছে কঠিন সময়
অনন্ত এক প্রহর।

আর কতকাল, দুঃখে পাবে
মানবের নানা ফাঁদে?
এবার তোমায় লড়তে হবে আপনাকে বাঁচাতে।

তা
ন
জী
ব
চৌ
ধু
রী
শ্রে
ণী
৬ষ্ঠ-২



POOR OLD DAD

I remember quite clearly
The day when my mother
Went off to have
My baby brother.
Dad rolled up his sleeves,
Grinned, 'I'll wash up'-
Dropped a plate in the bowl
And smashed a cup.

'O sugar and drat'.
'That's the best one', He said.
'I think I'd be better
At housework instead'.
He switched on the vacuum
(I could just hear him speak):
'The bag must need changing
The suction is weak.

You put it off somewhere..
Ah! This is the place.'
He tugged. Lots of dust
Spurted into his face.
Dad sat on the floor
And grumbled and cursed.
I said, 'Oh! Dad
Switch the vacuum off first.

You push off the lever
The one coloured red-
And you have a dead spider
On top of your head!'
'I'll do it all later
I don't want to rush,'
He replied, as he swept up
The dirt with a brush.

'It's time for lunch.'
He looked at me,
'Yes dad, it is,
Yes, I agree.
'I wonder what
You'd like the most?
I grinned, 'I'd love
Some beans on toast.'

I thought that Dad
Was really brill-
Till flames and smoke
Poured out the grill.
Then something even
Worse occurred.
I promised not to
Breathe a word!

But if you like
I'll just tell you-
But don't tell Mum
Whatever you do!
All right? Well this is
What Dad did.
He picked up the saucepan
And took off the lid.

And then he put
The baked beans in-
But forgot to take them
Out of the tin!
He joked, 'Watch out,
That saucepan's loaded!'-
And then the tin of
Beans exploded.

We hid in fright
Behind the door.
In case the tin
Blew up some more.
Some minutes passed,
Then Dad crept in-
With bean juice dripping
Down his chin.
'Stay safe,' he called.
'Stay out of sight!'
I thought, 'If what
He says, is right.
How come he doesn't
Stay here, too?'
I pushed the door
And then peeped through.

I couldn't believe
What had happened in there.
What on earth would Mum say?
There were beans everywhere!
They were sprayed on the window
And smeared down the wall,
They clung to the cooker
And that wasn't all.

They splattered the boiler,
You could see them congealing
On lumps on the line
And stuck to the ceiling.
Dad called, 'Get my paper-
It's saved down the shop,'
As I saw him start working
With a bucket and mop.

When I got back, I asked
'Dad, what's there to eat?'
'I'll buy you a burger,'
He glared, 'As a treat.'
'No beans?' I inquired
'No, a burger,' He said,
Looking rather accusing
His face turning red.

Dad gave up on cooking.
He hadn't the knack.
It was burgers each day
'Til Mum got back.
He cleaned up the house
With a brush and pan.
I think he's what Mum calls-
'A typical man.'

It was great again
To see my mother,
And of course by then,
My new baby brother.
Dad gave Mum a kiss
Then I heard him say,
'All under control, dear,
While you were away,'

He looked past her shoulder,
Put his finger tip,
While nodding at me,
Up to his lip.
Then Mum sat down
And started to speak
'That's good. I'm still
Feeling rather weak.

So perhaps you'd continue
A little longer
Until, of course,
I'm feeling stronger.
Do you know right now?
What I fancy most
Is a lovely plate
Of beans on toast!

I saw Dad quietly
Groan 'Oh, no!'
Mum winked at me.
How did she know?!

Jahan Farhana Rahman
Class ix



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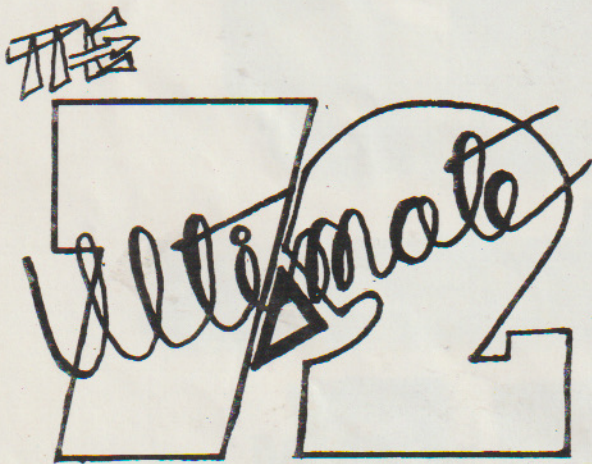
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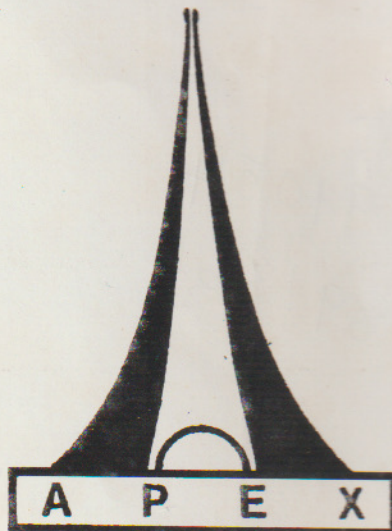
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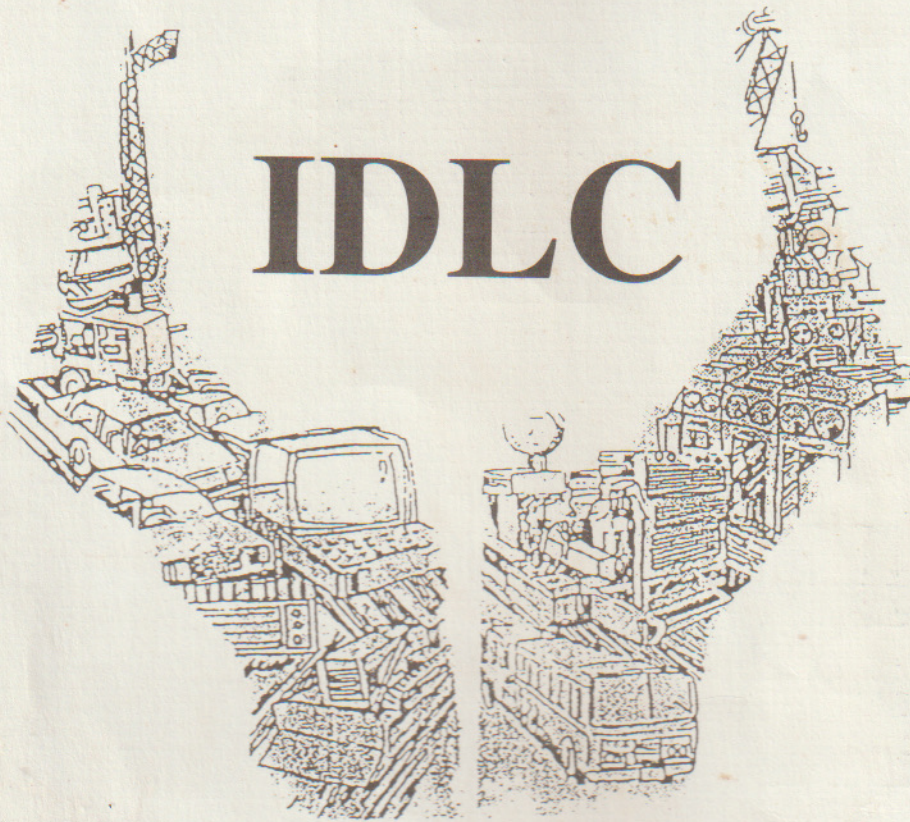
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